DISGUISES OF LOVE

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE BELOVED EGO: A CONTRIBUTION TO THE NEW STUDY OF THE PSYCHE. Authorized Translation by ROSALIE GABLER.

THE DEPTHS OF THE SOUL: PSYCHO-ANALYTICAL STUDIES. : Authorized Translation by DR. S. A. TANNENBAUM.

DISGUISES OF LOVE

PSYCHO-ANALYTICAL SKETCHES

BY

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AUTHORIZED TRANSLATION

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LONDON

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRUBNER & CO., LTD.

NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON & CO.

1922

PREFACE

The Beloved Ego by Dr Wilhelm Stekel, the well-known Psycho-therapist of Vienna, introduced his works to English readers in the translation recently issued. This was followed by *The Depths of the Soul,* translated by Dr Tannenbaum of New York. These two works, both of which give a popular exposition of the views and experiences of this " Physician of the Soul " is now followed by the present book, which essentially belongs to the same series. Although some of the illustrations and examples cited may seem strange and somewhat remote from every-day experience, such as the case of the young fellow who was led by love to invent a device for lighting gas from afar (page 42), and while others are dressed up in the vesture of legend or fairy-tale, yet all alike are based on the long experience and practice and deep insight of this author, the technical and learned results of which are

expressed in the important series *Störungen des Trieb-und Affektlebens,* a translation of the first volume of which is to appear shortly under the title of *Conditions of Nervous Anxiety and their Treatment,* to be published by Messrs Kegan Paul & Co.

My thanks are due once more to my kind friends who have not failed me by their help and suggestions, and especially to Mr H. Coxeter, in the task of carrying through this translation.

ROSALIE GABLER.

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DISGUISES OF LOVE

CHAPTER I

THE INNER MAN

WHAT does one person know about another? How often we imagine that we know someone through and through; we fancy we have penetrated through the outer coverings into the depths of his soul, till an unexpected turn of events, a sudden act, a casually spoken word, shews us our mistake. We find to our great surprise that we have misjudged, that we have allowed ourselves to be deceived by mere appearances. The sight of a cheerful gathering of people—chatting, exchanging mutual confidences and friendly words of appreciation and congratulation, apparently in pure enjoyment and friendship—calls a very different vision before *me*. I see these people as they really are: mocking, envying, and full of ill-will towards each other. It is the "inner man" I see.

Should one have an opportunity of knowing a person really intimately, one is amazed at the immense gulf between the inner and the outer man. One is surprised to find how richly endowed is the inner life, and how the outer man is so poorly equipped as hardly to suggest the immense wealth within. Moreover, our works of art, our tedious novels always centring round the same themes, our dramas also, treating everlastingly of the same conflicts—with the monotony of a barrel-organ grinding out the same old tune—all these appear poor to us. For only the greatest artists are able to represent even a small part of the inner man. I do not doubt that they might comprehend and reproduce the whole inner man, but they dare not; for they shrink from the horrible sight, and neither they nor we would be able to endure the truth or recognize it as such. No one has yet written a true and complete history of any individual. Could it be presented to us in all frankness and sincerity, we should probably avert our gaze with a shudder. Perhaps, however, we should breathe more freely and dare to admit: Such an one am I also. The oppressive sense of guilt from which the neurotic suffers arises from ignorance of "the other person." The "other person" is for us far too much of the

unattained ideal, with whom we dare not compare ourselves. Why? Because we do not know his inner self.

Experience constantly shews us that the inner man is altogether different from the outer man, which we fancy we know so well. Not long ago a man came to me for advice as to certain obstinate moods of depression. Questioned as to his profession, he replied: "You will laugh, doctor —I am a comedian!"

We find the same thing in humorists and others who make people laugh. Their god-given gift of humour is able to produce in others what is entirely lacking in their inner man.

I recollect a lady whom I knew in society for many years. She was of a gay, happy type of creature. Her merry laughter sounded above all other voices, her mercurial activity filled the whole room with cheerful liveliness. How surprising was a glimpse into the depths of her soul! Hers was a deeply serious nature, and she dragged on a comfortless existence at the side of an unloved husband. Of what use was it that she cherished and respected him, that he was a thoroughly good man, that he fulfilled her every wish? She did not and could not love him. On the contrary, an inexplicable force drew her away from him, his every touch produced in her

a kind of physical shudder which almost amounted to disgust. Why? She could not explain it to herself. It was the great secret of her soul—dark, mysterious, and incomprehensible, as are all the elements that embody love. We sometimes imagine that we know why we love. We rationalize our instincts. We clothe obscure passions in logical costumes. But what is beneath these costumes? What is the riddle of sympathy and antipathy?

The woman of whom I have spoken did not know why she had no love for her husband. Outwardly she played the part of a loving and devoted wife. She played? No—she *was* one. One could not imagine a more faithful nurse than was this woman whose whole desire and endeavour was to free herself from this man. Year after year went by in impotent day-dreaming. Outwardly she was the essence of happiness, but only because her tears flowed inwardly, flowed so long that they finally flooded the remains of her happiness and she put an end to her life, apparently without a motive—people said, in a moment of madness.

It was one of those small tragedies, innumerable as the sands of the sea, which are daily taking place. Hence I always experience a kind of shudder when I see a gathering of people

anxious to " entertain " each other, in pursuit of the " joy " of life, whether it be at the theatre, at concerts, or at a ball. If one could only see into the depths of their souls! How much grief, sorrow, anxiety and despair, coarse, brutal passions, veiled sin, wild impulses kept down with difficulty, would come to light! Every individual goes through life with his own fettered wild-beast, tearing at its chains or shaking the bars of its cage. Not without reason do people dream so much about being pursued by fierce animals, such as lions, tigers, savage dogs, and runaway horses. Even the ancients interpreted such dreams as passions pursuing us, or suppressed impulses of which we are afraid.

But I do not wish to speak only of the animal in man. Side by side with wild passions dwell within us the finest, noblest impulses. It has been said that our heart is a graveyard of buried wishes and hopes. The comparison is false, for the hopes and wishes are not dead: they live and stir and fill us with secret joy and tremulous longing. No, our heart is but a prison. Passion and hope, resignation and longing, rebellion and indignation, all are shut off from the outer world by iron bars, and may not appear in daylight. The outer man shews us nothing of his

buried desires ; he appears to be satisfied with his lot ; he wearies himself with the business of every day. But the inner man cannot forget the beautiful ideas of childhood : he still strives to attain that which is highest, most beautiful, and best ! He mourns over the emptiness of life and complains of the disappointments that each new day brings. In his inmost heart he puzzles restlessly over dark problems of humanity, without finding peace : Whence and whither ? Wherefore and why ?

The inner man may become so strong that he overpowers the outer. This we call a mental disease, and we pity the poor wretch for whom the lights of the world are extinguished. Maybe he is happier than we more rational beings. He lives in accordance with his inner-self ; the bridges to the outer world are broken, but his yearning, his possibilities, his wishes and desires have become realities. What does it matter if these realities are of value only to him ? His foolishness means more to him, and offers him more, than does our understanding to us realists. Between these two extreme cases there are a thousand transitions. The inner man rebels against the outer, and the eternal struggle between the inner voices and the demands of reality, produces diseases, which we mistakenly

call " nervous." They have no more to do with nerves than the postman can be made responsible for the bad news he brings us. It is inherent in human logic to fasten on the most evident symptoms. As psychic ailments shew themselves in disturbances of the nerves, the obvious conclusion is : My nerves are diseased. Doctors can frequently observe a curious phenomenon. There are certain people who cannot forgive a doctor for correctly diagnosing an incurable disease. I remember several cases in which doctors, whose keen diagnosis disclosed hidden diseases which had escaped the notice of their colleagues, were never again called in by the family. The feeling of rebellion against fate is so easily transferred to the bearer of ill-tidings. Hence the harmless innocent nerves are often made responsible for the disharmony which exists between the inner and the outer man, and through which endless conflicts are produced.

We may read in the paper almost any day that Mr. X. or Mrs. Y. have put an end to their lives in a moment of temporary insanity, there being apparently no motive which could explain this voluntary departure from life. What presumption lies in these words ! As if we are ever able to know a person perfectly ! It is sad but true, that the father does not know his

child; the husband often does not know his wife, nor the wife her husband. Nearly all of us go through life unknown. We are strangers to each other and surrounded by strangers. And those who are nearest are often the most distant. The saddest of all is that we do not know ourselves; that in the course of years, in hurrying and pressing forward, in confusion and pleasure, the inner man is lost. His voice sounds ever more faintly, the images he brings before us grow dimmer. The wild-beast has worn itself out; desire has lost its strength. Our wishes have become wingless. The inner man has so long played a part that he ends by living it. This we call "acquiring sense."

Has it never occurred to you that man is afraid of being alone? That the herd instinct drives him to other people, even to those who are indifferent to him; that he wants to deaden his senses with strange words, strange people, strange feelings; with the sound of music to which he listens without actually hearing; with cards, sport, books, and newspapers? He knows only too well that he is fleeing from himself. When he is alone, the inner man comes to the fore and begins to whisper mysteriously: of past days that have never been, of suppressed wishes that are still alive and yearn for fulfil-

ment. He does not want to see this inner man. He would shut his eyes in horror, as did Dorian Grey on seeing his own portrait after many years.

And yet in this inward glance lie the salvation and future of the human race. Before we can judge what we may become, we must first find out what we are. The time is not far distant when the inner man will demand his right—his right to be heard and recognized. We have much greater need of "inner" freedom than of any "outward" freedom. The prison-house must open. Hate, slander, envy, lust, all the evils of Pandora's box must emerge, so that the noble man may do battle with them and overcome them. Only thus can the evolution of humanity take place. The inner man must be freed and led up to the clear heights of the Ideal.

CHAPTER II

WILFUL BLINDNESS

We find a remarkable phenomenon occurring in hysterical people which we term "narrowing of vision." If we ask a normal person to gaze at a fixed point, and then bring a small white disc near him from all sides, we can obtain a range of his field of vision which we call the Perimetric Field. Some will see the white disc at a considerable distance, others only when it is quite close. The different perimetric results obtained from different people do not depend on either short or long-sightedness, as these defects can be corrected by glasses. The results obtained vary also according to the colour used. The field may be larger for some colours than for others. In the case of hysterical people, one is often surprised to find how very limited is their range of vision.

The explanation of this extraordinary phenomenon was long delayed. Janet was the first to point out that this limitation of vision is the symbolic expression of a narrowing of the mental

horizon. The neurotic is possessed by a "fixed idea," which, though possibly not a delusion, yet absorbs his whole emotional interest. Wernicke has described this more appropriately as the "overvalued idea," in which the neurotic may be spoken of as one who is constantly looking at himself in the mirror of his ego. But his range of vision comes into contact with his Ego only at certain points.

This excellent explanation is only half true. The neurotic certainly does not succeed in taking a world-outlook. He overvalues one thing and ignores another, and consequently his range of vision is very limited. But this is not only because he keeps his gaze always fixed on a particular point of his ego in relationship to his surroundings, but also because there are certain perceptions, facts, and effects which he does not wish to see. The forced attitude in which he compels his gaze in a certain direction and keeps it fixed there, arises not so much from a desire to see as from a "wilful blindness."

This is not the phenomenon which Freud calls "repression"; for Freud assumes that this repression relegates unpleasant thoughts to the "unconscious." But this voluntary blindness has nothing to do with unconsciousness. "Unconscious" presupposes a "disability to see,"

and this is the real meaning of "repression." Wilful blindness can at most be described as "partially conscious."

Before entering fully into the various manifestations of this wilful blindness, I would like to give a little example of this extraordinary phenomenon, hitherto strangely ignored by psychology. A young married woman had been suffering from various nervous symptoms for some months. She greeted me with tears in her eyes, saying: "I am so happy. I have such a good husband." The tears flowed down her cheeks, and the paroxysm of joy which so moved her increased, finally ending in an outburst of weeping that lasted for some minutes. Her young husband tried to soothe her with tender caresses, but in vain. She clasped his hand convulsively, besought him not to leave her, flung herself into his arms, and only there gradually found the desired peace.

No true psychologist would take these to be genuine tears of joy. *He who is happy is never nervous.* I cannot repeat this statement often enough. It requires great courage to admit and recognise one's misfortunes in all phases of life. There are obligations for happiness as well as for tenderness, gratitude, revenge, etc. The neurotic is often one who refuses to see his

misfortune and therefore tries to trace it back to some physical ailment. "If only I were not such a bad sleeper!"—or "If only I were not troubled with this tiresome indigestion! etc.—I would be the happiest man in the world." Such expressions are repeated with unlimited variations.

The young woman whom we were discussing belongs to this category. What is it that she refuses to see?—The fact that she is unhappy! That she has made a mistake in her choice of a husband. With the stubborn obstinacy of hysterical girls she insisted on her choice, against the will of her more far-seeing parents. It was in vain that her father and mother brought forward all that reason and circumstances had to argue against the match: she remained immovable, declaring that she would die if she were not united with her beloved.

What could the loving parents do? With heavy hearts they consented to the union. After some months of happiness, the young wife grew downcast, depressed, anxious, gave way to weeping—in short, she grew "nervy."

We see how strong a motive this young woman had for laying stress on the happiness of her marriage. What she refused to see was the fact that her parents were right; that she had made

a mistake in her choice; that the expected happiness had not been forthcoming. But her obstinacy and pride prevented her from seeing this, for it would have meant capitulation to her parents, friends, and relations; it would have meant taking back everything and making herself ridiculous; depreciating and degrading that which she had won through fierce and bitter conflict.

Her tears were not tears of joy and supreme happiness—the outcome of an overwhelming emotion, which, in its extreme limits verges on the opposite emotion; no, they were tears of unhappiness, which she took for signs of overwhelming joy, because she would not see her unhappiness. Now we shall understand why she suffered from all kinds of disturbances of vision, which oculists diagnosed as "nervous." All objects would suddenly appear to grow small and indistinct, and to swim away as though they were being washed out by an evil spell. Thus vanished her love, her hopes, everything that should have meant the light of life to her, dissolved in drab monotony.

The limited vision of this patient showed that she did not wish to see the wide world with all the joys it might still have to offer her. She gazed at her vanishing happiness, as

though by staring at it she might retain it.

Unfortunately this woman is not the only actress who plays to herself the great scene of her happiness! There are countless people whose whole trouble arises from wilful blindness, who strive feverishly for some distraction in order to avoid the recognition of some particular truth. As it is almost impossible to bring this multiplicity of symptoms within the limits of the space at my command, or to condense them into pictures, I will select only a few single types to describe this remarkable phenomenon.

There is yet another way by which one may avoid a particular point of view besides that of narrowing the mental horizon already described. The contrary also, the widening of the horizon, makes it possible to overlook that which lies nearest. I know people who appear to interest themselves in everything. Their day is too short to hold all their interests. Their life resembles a whirlpool, in which there can be no pause. They take on every kind of work which distracts them, they run after pleasures and amusements, they fill the day with ten times as much as it can hold. They dread a free hour—left empty for thought, as though it were boredom that would be intolerable. In truth they are only afraid that they may think of

that of which they do not wish to think, if they do not have a superfluity of distractions. To this type of neurotics belong the over-industrious officials who take work home with them, who over-burden themselves with all kinds of additional occupations. Of a similar type are those who read even while walking, who are to be seen in the train or even in the bath with a book in their hand; similar fanatics we find among collectors, in the realm of music, of literature; among the frequenters of cafés; among gamblers, drunkards;—all these may—I say particularly *may*—be fleeing from the truth.

This is why a serious nervous breakdown occurs so often after an illness or a holiday; this, too, is the reason why Sundays are days of torment and not of refreshment for neurotics. The significance of illness as a cause of nervous breakdowns does not seem to be sufficiently appreciated yet. How often the shock of an operation, the loss of strength, the poison of infection, etc., are blamed for what was really caused by the enforced leisure. Here is a man confined to his bed for four weeks, who has never before had time to brood over himself and his life; the doctor has forbidden him to read, and he has no visitors as he is not allowed to talk much. Now his thoughts, which hitherto

have been otherwise occupied, begin timidly to concern themselves with the spiritual side of his life; now perceptions enter his consciousness which hitherto he has succeeded in shutting out; now he begins to reflect upon what he had hoped from life, and what life has actually brought him; now is shown that dreaded failure of his hopes, which every honest man ought to face before the tribunal of his consciousness. Hitherto blind, he shall rise from his bed as one who sees. Either he may fight bravely against all the bitter realizations and may rise changed and healed in body and mind; or he may take flight into a disease which we then call "neurosis," although it has nothing to do with nerves as generally understood.

He needs new diversions in order to keep up his "wilful blindness." For this purpose he makes use of various "mad" ideas, obsessions, hypochondriacal fears, even pain and new griefs —which he knows well enough how to arouse should his needs demand it.

What are these diversions? One could fill volumes and yet not exhaust the subject. One man will take a record of all the windows that he sees, and add up the sum at the end of the day; fancying he has made a mistake, he will count them over and over again till he falls

asleep from sheer weariness. Another struggles with the spectre of an infectious illness, dwelling all day on his exaggerated fear—behind which quite another one is concealed which he does not wish to see. A third plunges into some vital question of the day, into some "movement": he reforms, agitates, intervenes, fights, suffers, becomes a martyr, hero and fanatic—almost the fool—of any cause. A fourth invents some complicated ceremonial whenever he gets up or goes to bed, or during the day—an absurd conglomeration of eccentricities; feels miserable, ostensibly because of this affliction, fights against it, succumbs, conquers, triumphs or feels himself humiliated . . . but still it is a distraction, for he does not see what he does not wish to see.

To how many of such self-deceiving people the War appeared as a blessing, which afterwards turned to a curse. In it they found a great diversion from the Ego, and from that which the Ego did not wish to see. These were they who had to read "all" the papers—for whom the objective reports of their own papers did not suffice—the buyers of every "extra" edition, the fanatical consumers of every sensational rumour, which they were the first to spread. The World-War was for them a means to an

end, a sensation, a diversion; not a serious psychosis, not the madness of deluded humanity, not the terrible outcome of inevitable upheavals, not the raging storm which hurls to the ground that which is rotten and decayed.

On the other hand, we see people whom the War has robbed of their usual occupation becoming ill because they have time to brood, and thus the realization of what they have hitherto overlooked comes into their consciousness. They lay the blame upon the excitements caused by the War and are generally able to give some special reason for their illness. But a more searching analysis invariably shews that it is a case of " wilful blindness " which they are determined to keep up.

Where is the practical application of these facts, the practical reader will ask ? How shall I guard myself against this mental blindness ? How can I avoid acting to myself ? I think that we should be educated from childhood in truthfulness to ourselves. We should not have ideals set up before us which we can never attain ; then we could more easily accommodate ourselves to our human weaknesses. But although we are always taught to speak the truth to others and are expected to do homage to truth, we soon notice that circumstances often

force us to lie, that people are neither so good nor so bad as they are painted, and that lying is a necessity of our social order. Consequently we find it easy to lie to ourselves. Were we only shewn a true picture of the world, this would not be necessary. If we were taught the deceits of life, all life's big and little lies, the pretences, the comedies, the tricks of the honest, and the honesty of the impostor, if only we were given the chance of entering into the muddle of human contradictions, of feeling our weaknesses as possibilities of future strength—granted all this, then it were possible to educate people who would have had the courage to face themselves, who would recognize no more important duty than that of being sincere with themselves.

From this inward truthfulness, new powers arise like hot springs, healing life's wounds; they enable us to destroy what is rotten and to set ourselves new aims. They point us to renewed investigation and searching, to fresh experiments and enterprises. By this means the apparently crippled will again become active. For man will always seek for happiness, whether it be in the peace of mind that comes from renunciation, or in new conflicts and new hopes—that is a question of temperament and special circumstances. But it is easier to bear the worst

misfortune which we see clearly, than to bear a light one to which we are wilfully blind. Hence it comes about that many people are able to bear the hard blows of fate, while they succumb to the pin-pricks which they made light of and did not wish to perceive. Even unhappiness must be expressed in the reactions prescribed by Nature. Only that can die which has truly lived.

CHAPTER III

SENSITIVE PEOPLE

The world with its pain and its joys remains always the same. It all depends upon how we look at the world, and place ourselves in relation to it. Uhland has expressed this admirably in a well-known poem. He pictures two lads going out into the world. The one comes home tired and worn out and answers with indifference to the question, what he had seen: "Just woods, meadows, and sunshine and the blue sky over all!" The other said the same, but joyously, enraptured, and with sparkling eyes. Yes, what the woods, meadows and sunshine mean to us, all depends upon how we feel experiences.

The more finely organized a man's soul is, so much the more richly will he experience the world. There the poet has the advantage of every-day people. He sees problems everywhere, scents out dramas, revels in moods, sees everything richer, more highly coloured and fuller. And there are many poets—artists, I

should rather say—who have never written a line or created a work of art. They feel artistically, and that is their great prerogative; but also their great suffering. They are richer in their joys, but their suffering is greater. They have a tender skin which reacts more sensitively to the pin-pricks of life. . . .

Who does not know the familiar "thick-skinned" among people; the spiritually coarse, basically sound natures, with a robust conscience and with a soul encased in a horny skin? They are hard to wound, difficult to touch, not easy to shake up or to alter in their ways. They have deep, sound slumber and can sleep when and where they will. No food is too bad for them, no one too unfriendly, no weather too severe. They do not see the sorrows of others, because they cannot penetrate into the feelings of other people. They do not understand sensitive human beings, those we commonly call "nervous," nor grasp how a person can so be; but they suppose such a sensitive condition to be mere moodiness, bad feeling, perversity, lack of self-control and want of energy. There is no bridge between their world and that of the sensitive. We specially note this if fate, or the uncertain, groping instinct of youth, unites two such different peoples in marriage. In most

cases the woman is the more sensitive, the man the more robust. This produces ever increasing discord, which finally makes life in common a misery.

A certain amount of susceptibility goes with the demands of culture. The whole progress of art depends upon this increased sensibility. Modern musicians hear harmonies to which the ears of the old musicians were closed; the newer lyrical poetry shuns all coarse effects and seeks to master the finer moods; painters scorn large, heroic subjects, high mountains, glaciers, waterfalls, and seek for fine distinctions, subtle tones and fleeting changes. Novels also are no longer filled with excessive action; they try to represent the inner life of people, to master the incomprehensible and to illuminate the mystical darkness. Most distinctly is this progress shown in drama. More and more the scene is filled with subtle moods; and great, exaggerated action disappears, to be replaced by emotions, which move the hearer because they touch chords within him which are in sympathetic harmony. I will merely refer to many dramas by Gerhardt Hauptman, to the *Zwischenspiel* by Schnitzler, to all the dramas (especially *The Blue Bird*) by Maeterlink, to the later works of Ibsen, to those

of Strindberg, and many others. Even philosophy deals with moods; and the wonderful "*Also Sprach Zarathustra*" of Nietzsche is a poem full of emotions which can be understood only by sensitive thinkers. Feeling either supplants thought, or makes it a living thing. . .

We can always observe that mankind purchases every advance with countless and immense sacrifices. Also the increased sensibility, the richer life, of cultivated man demands manifold victims, and is purchased with the indescribable suffering of innumerable unhappy beings. The happy, normal man, even with his increased sensibility, can scarcely imagine what these poor "most sensitive of the sensitive" endure. Sensibility becomes exaggerated to the extent of caricature, prerogative becomes a detriment, superfluity changes into poverty.

It is almost impossible for me to describe here the enormous extent of this sensibility. I can only sketch it in a few lines. There are people in whom one of the senses, or all of them, are hypersensitive. For example, the slightest noise gives them pain. The tumult of the great City fills them with terror, the clatter of the traffic, the whistles of the bus-conductors, the clanging of the tram-bells, the calling, talking,

shouting. They are able to sleep only when they hear no noise. They wear an apparatus in their ears which almost completely deadens sound, have the doors muffled, flee into the country, into the quietest corners of the earth . . . and yet find no rest. For their sensitiveness is a false one, and is only a displacement to the ear. In reality they fear the murmurings in their own breast ; they do not want to hear the voices of their own conscience, and they fly from themselves. Such people suffer from strange noises in the ears, a continual buzzing, ringing, tinkling. And there are many just the opposite, who feel well only in the bustle of the streets ; in silence these inner sounds become unendurable, whereas in the train or amid the noises of the City they become more or less faint. In human life everything has two sides. The whole of life is " bipolar."

Others are sensitive to bright light. They subdue the light of day by means of blinds and curtains, wear dark glasses, avoid those places which are too brightly lighted (by-the-way, a modern bad custom which will certainly be avenged upon the eyes of civilized people), feel at their best in the dark or in twilight. These people also, act symbolically. There is some truth or other which they do not wish to

see. I knew a highly strung lady, whose sensitiveness to light almost amounted to a nervous disorder of vision—a disorder of accommodation as the eye-specialist said. This poor creature could no longer read, and thus had deprived herself of her only joy and cut herself off from the world. What she, however, really would not see was that she did not love her husband, that he was unendurable to her, and that life with him had become a torture. . . . So through this disorder of the sight she lived a seemingly happy married life. She tried in vain to accommodate herself to her husband, denied her true nature ; but her sensitiveness increased from year to year, while he remained the same robust man with an impenetrable armour of self-satisfaction.

There is also sensitiveness to taste, touch, and especially smell. There are people who are extremely susceptible to unpleasant smells. A woman who cannot love her husband finds that he has an offensive smell, especially his mouth ; this makes his kisses a true martyrdom. Even his proximity is disagreeable.

But these sensibilities are only a small foretaste of the hell some sensitive people suffer. His whole life would have to be described to paint a picture of the sensitive man's daily

troubles. He goes out. At once he feels oppressed by the crowd. He has the uncomfortable feeling that he is being watched and that they are making fun of him. They all laugh in so strange a way and look at him so queerly. He has dressed himself with particular care so as not to make himself a laughing-stock; but of course everything goes wrong: the tie does not agree with the suit, the shoes squeak, his hat is too large and does not suit him, he himself does not look well and has one of his "bad days." How closely he observes the way he is greeted or his salutations are returned. Mr. A. does not see him and passes him by; of course that was intentional on the part of the ill-disposed Mr. A. and a great slight. Mr. B. raised his hat too little. Such an acknowledgment shows arrogance, and he determines not to recognize Mr. B. again. Mr. C. asks him how he is. Obviously he has just noticed that he has one of his bad days to-day, and wanted to make fun of him. Mr. D. was not able to suppress a malicious smile. And so it goes on the whole day. He is deliberately set upon being offended, and perceives slights everywhere.

How easily another man steps into a restaurant and selects, with quick and certain glance, a suitable place. But for our sensitive man

that is a great problem. He finds that the waiters treat him insolently, although he gives the biggest of tips in order to win the services of these attendant spirits. But if he does not at once receive his meal—or if, at his entrance, all the waiters do not throw themselves upon him with ready service—he is deeply offended, and has received fresh proof that the world, for him, is only a place of humiliation.

We cannot be too cautious in conversation with these sensitive people; they will always find fresh occasion for being offended. Now let us imagine such a sensitive person married to someone of a quite differently organized mind. Or better still: let us picture two such sensitive people as a married couple, and we can see that their life must become a hell upon earth. Each takes deep offence at the other and expects that the other will see the fault and humbly beg for pardon. Countless disputes, in which there is no victory, end at last in the complete exhaustion of the weaker one, who, for the sake of peace, acknowledges that he was in the wrong. From which position, however, he at once withdraws again when he has recovered from his psychic breakdown.

Enough of these sorry descriptions. Much more important to me appears the question

whether a reasonable education could not be of service to prevent this excessive sensitiveness. Again I must—as so often—refer to the great defects in our education, which turn unfortunate children into crippled souls. Sensitiveness is systematically over-developed in our days. The child continually hears that it ought to be ashamed of itself. And the usual phrases: "What will people say when they hear that of you?" "What a disgrace!" "What will Aunty Bertha or Uncle Bertie say to you?" "For shame! What behaviour!" "Don't you see that all the people are looking and laughing at you?" . . . Other children have it thrown up at them that they "Take nothing to heart," "Everything too lightly," that they are unfeeling, and so on. An excess of feeling is set up, especially in families which have few children or only one child. Only children are almost always sensitive children; and they grow up into sensitive adults.

Thus we have travelled from the high advancement of culture to the beginnings of education. Life takes good care for the survival of the fittest. It passes over the hypersensitive—unless they have taken refuge in solitude or in art. In which case, however, it transforms them into creators of new values and of new perceptions.

Then we note, with surprise, that all Humanity is the groping endeavour of Nature to produce one great enough to be able to make even the small greater. And then we rejoice in our sensitiveness, and are proud to feel that life is a great gift.

CHAPTER IV

DISGUISES OF THE SEX-IMPULSE

PLUTARCH tells us a wonderful story of the hereditary prince Antiochus of Syria. To the grief of his father, Seleucus, he fell sick of a severe disorder, which sapped his strength; the cause of this no physician could discover. Only to the penetrating insight of the celebrated master of the healing art, Erisistratus, was it given to discover that an incurable love for his stepmother, the beautiful queen Stratonice, consumed the prince. Plutarch does not tell us if the prince was aware of his passion. Those who are surprised that we can be in love without knowing it, do not know the enigmatic subterfuges of love and its cravings. I have repeatedly been able to show that people have fallen sick, under all sorts of disguises of illness, while, in reality, they loved and desired without knowing it. "Every heart," says Grillparzer, "has its secrets, which it anxiously hides from itself." And much inexplicable illness is only a mask of love. Even the lack of ability to love,

alike of the soul as of the body, can be a mask of love.

One day a young man came to me who complained that he had become completely incapable of love. Women and girls left him cold and indifferent, while only six months ago he was very susceptible and showed no tendency towards asceticism. I guessed at once that I had to do with a secret love which he had suppressed because he did not wish to recognize it; that he must have a sex aim that was unattainable, so that, in consequence of this, no other objects of love, seemed to him worth while. The secret logic of his heart must have spoken: "This one or none." The young fellow denied this at first. But he confessed finally, when driven into a corner, that he had passionately loved a cousin until six months previously; yet even this love had become completely extinguished. The facts were as follows: The young man—a medical student—was, in accordance with the wishes of his parents, to be engaged to a rich girl. He lived in very poor circumstances and was obliged to support himself by giving lessons. This was now to come to an end, as his future father-in-law had promised to support him generously until he obtained his degree, and in addition to give him further opportunities for later studies.

This plan stood in the way of his love for his poor cousin. But he had always had an iron will. *The supposed weakness of will of the neurotic is only a fable. There are people who have misused their will and then present the appearance of weakness of will. They have compelled themselves "not to will something," and so have forgotten how to will anything.* That they are able to will is of no value to them, and what they desire lies under the interdict of the will. Thus our patient had said to himself: "*You dare not love your cousin any more!*" And, wonderful to relate, he loved her no more. But from this hour the light of love was put out for him. That is to say, he really loved only his cousin, and candidly confessed that his dreams were continually occupied with her. In other words, he lived his sex-life out in the dreams, and his supposed indifference was only a mask of his misused life of desire, which must be denied in the interest of his greed of gold.

Thus this man showed a double nature, an outer one asexual, and an inner one, sexual; one cold and the other amorous; one weary of life, the other deeply in love. How seldom are people to be found whose inner nature resembles their outer! I am reminded of the novel, *The Portrait of Dorian Grey*, in which the hero

remains eternally young, beautiful, full of life, elastic, while the picture shows the ravages which time and the passions have engraved upon it. This image is only a symbol of the inner man.

Hebbel says: "Man is like the Basilisk. He dies if he sees his inner self." In many lands the superstition prevails that he who sees his reflection at night in the mirror will die. Perhaps the legend of the head of the Medusa is to be traced back to this "fear of the inner countenance."

And what stirring of desire is there which hides itself more shyly from the light of day than the impulses of love? From the sex point of view especially, all the world is compelled to mask itself. But I will not speak here of the masks we consciously put on with the intention of deluding others. Here we shall see how people mask themselves from themselves and how the erotic hides itself behind bodily ailments.

Three important masks disguise our love-urges: shame, anxiety, and disgust. It would take us too far were we to attempt to demonstrate the psychology of these emotions fully. The most transparent of these masks is perhaps shame. *An absolutely chaste human being, that*

is to say, a person who had no notion of sex, would not know what shame is. For shame is the confession of sex. He is ashamed who would conceal the erotic. Blushing is one of its forms. He who can still blush is able to be excited even by small provocations. And chastity is mostly an incident of repression. It is a product of civilization. Disgust also is only a desire negatively expressed. And Fear stands as guardian with a flaming sword before the paradise and forbids entrance to the trembling people longing for enjoyment.

Morality, according to the expression of "Simplizissimus," "*The Fear, that something may happen,*" arises from shame, anxiety, and disgust together. How easy it is to prove this in relation to disgust! If Queen Anne first spat in the face of the courting Richard III, the murderer of her beloved husband, in order to show her disgust, yet this quickly changed to desire because disgust and desire are "bipolar" forms of expression of one and the same force. Lessing thought that the quickest thing in the world is the passing from good to evil, because good and evil are precisely identical; because the ethical motives build themselves over the criminal motives, and from the murderer to the surgeon there runs a continuous line of

development. In fact, the surgeon is only the murderer who has fitted himself to the demands of civilization, and has sublimated his asocial impulses to higher forms.

All neurotics are people of strong impulses. They are, in my view, " throw-backs," like the criminal and the artist. This strong life of impulse brings them continually in conflict with their surroundings. They must either give way to the impulses (and that they cannot and dare not do) or master their desires and repress them. As they are conscious of their weakness, so they protect themselves against these weaknesses by means of Fear. *Every anxiety is the fear of oneself.* This Fear, however, the patients never confess, or only very unwillingly. Therefore there arises the endeavour to mask it. In my book, *Nervöse Angstzustände und ihre Behandlung,** I have described innumerable disguises of this anxiety. I disagree with Freud only in so far as he represents the view that the *libido* transforms itself organically in anxiety. Furthermore that the *libido* expresses itself as bodily symptoms (conversion). I conceive all masks of anxiety as psychogenic constructions. I have always succeeded in discovering the analogy that

*An English translation (*Conditions of Nervous Anxiety and their Treatment*) will be published in 1921. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ld.)

was expressed through the symptoms. All neurotics have the tendency to change feelings into sensations. Thus a lady who is unhappily in love without admitting it to herself, will suffer from pains in the heart. Disgust of a man will express itself in a disordered digestion ; one's own frailty, as a tendency to fainting and giddiness. But always behind these masks is hidden the unsatisfied longing. Thus out of the forward pressure of impulse (out of its " urge ") and the repression of desire due to a regard for civilization, the psychic conflict is created. The neurotic is more and more compelled to veil the stirrings of desire from himself, and to refuse to confess to himself his pressing wishes which are held to be morally sinful.

Finally, a compromise is made between neurotic symptoms and neurotic anxiety. So in married life we frequently meet with the well-known anxiety attacks which terrify everyone, the sufferers not least of all. At the conclusion of a day-dream which has faded from the region of consciousness, or of a dream, arises an intense feeling of anxiety, as if one were about to die. The heart beats wildly, or else so feebly that the pulse can scarcely be felt. The patients become pale ; they feel their end at hand. Between the

feelings of dread mingle remarkable sensations, (libidinous in nature) of a lovely deliverance, a terrible joy or a sweet fainting. Other attacks show the familiar picture of the fear of a stroke, with similar psychogenic roots. The criminal trait mixes itself remarkably in these manifestations (Passive criminality). A lady who secretly wished that her husband might die from an attack of apoplexy showed a pathological dread of such an attack. This is the phenomenon which I have thoroughly investigated, of neurotic retaliation (*Lex Talionis*). Life and death appear in one picture. The unconscious idea of an erotic act works like the death of a moral law, which has continually guarded against this act. Social death and the death of all ethical inhibition, unite themselves in an ecstacy, combining life and annihilation.

The anxiety attack manifests itself in every degree and variation, also in milder forms. It can embrace all degrees of anxiety from slight feeling of oppression to apparent death. Thus it appears sometimes only in the form of palpitation of the heart in the night ; but also now and then during the day. It is in the heart especially that we can distinguish the most remarkable disguises.

There are girls who suffer from severe pains

in the heart. They have changed a feeling into a sensation. They are unhappy in their love and will not admit it to themselves. I have seen the most remarkable forms of these pains in the heart. Girls who were in love with their chef, pupils who were in love with their teacher, men who loved the wife of a dear friend—and they all had their motives for hiding their secret from themselves. But it had to be expressed symbolically : it must break through in some way or another. This is not merely a play upon words and superficial associations, as many critics have believed. Indeed, we transfer all our psychic processes to the heart. We have "great hearts," "shallow hearts," "longing hearts," and so on. An anxiety neurosis can, however, also express itself in other forms with the heart. In fluttering and murmuring of the heart, as if it found no room in the chest, as if the heart-beats were irregular, or as if the heart would stop.

In a similar way sex masks itself in disorders of the organs of respiration ; in the so-called "nervous asthma," a frequent sighing, which expresses some sort of longing to which is allied the so-called "air-swallowing" (ærephagy), and occasions organic disorders of the respiratory system. I have often been able to prove that

in the case of asthma there may be also a criminal root. Also hay-fever and catarrh may represent a disguised form, as I have described in *Conditions of Nervous Anxiety*.

I have already emphasized the fact that disgust represents a feeling of negatively accented desire. How many disorders of the stomach are only nervous and can be traced back to unconscious feelings of disgust! Many girls who suddenly cease to eat meat have within them a disgust of the "flesh," which they transfer to the process of nutrition. This manifestation is also to be seen in men; and especially in some fanatical vegetarians one can, here and there, detect these origins. Naturally, the disgust at meat (flesh) is then rationalized with social and humanitarian motives. Such people attach themselves all the more easily to a great movement, because they seek social explanations for their individual struggles and conflicts. This "Displacement to the Ideal" is the driving power in various abstinence movements, which are inter-penetrated with ascetic tendencies. And likewise the "Flight into Publicity" serves as "Self Protection" against tabooed desires.

It is not possible within the limits of this book to describe in detail all the disguises taken by Eros; I can give only an outline of them: the

various disturbances of the night's rest, insomnia, night tremors, congestions, are all worthy of a thorough investigation. The giddiness which attacks people in the street, making them fear to go out alone, signifies their uncertainty of themselves, and is disclosed as a dramatic representation of the "fear of falling." This giddiness produces a tendency towards falling to the left, expressing symbolically the reverse of "right" action. Neurosis favours these symbolical representations because the patient is thereby enabled to exhibit his weakness to the world in general and to those about him in particular, and yet at the same time to conceal it. ("Neurosis is the tyranny of symbolism.") How strangely the sex-impulses are veiled! I have in mind a young mechanic, who for months was unable to sleep owing to his pondering over a mechanical problem. At last he invented a device for igniting at a distance, which made possible the lighting of the gas in the next room or even several rooms away. What this man did not know, however, was that he owed his invention to the fact that he was in love with his cousin who was living in the same flat two rooms away from his own. His dreams showed quite clearly that he was hoping that she might take notice of his longing and communicate

with him. He wished to enkindle her through the separating wall. She noticed nothing. During the day-time he himself apparently desired to know nothing of it either; and his invention was an excellent fruit of these disguised desires, from which he reaped much material advantage.

How many cases of insomnia may be traced to this unsatisfied craving, this hunger for love! The most striking examples have come under my own observation. A brother and sister, orphans, all in all to each other, slept in adjoining rooms and lay awake whole nights long.

"Are you asleep, Bertha?"

"No, I cannot sleep; but why are you not asleep, Henry?"

And so it went on throughout the night. I advised them to live apart, which they were very reluctant to do. But I insisted very firmly, without giving my reasons for it, and the longed for sleep was the immediate result.

One may find the strangest variety and combination of causes in cases of this sort of sleeplessness. The mother who hastens every night to the bedside of her thirty-year-old son to hold his hand for an hour because he is suffering from one of his "heart attacks," from which he can only find relief when she sits on his bed and

places her hand upon his heart. Since I have prohibited these nightly excursions of the mother the "youngster" sleeps peacefully the whole night without any heart attack.

In children this insomnia can be very persistent and may always be traced to a premature arousal of sex-instinct. Some children try to lie awake in order to pry into the doings of grown-ups. A change of bedroom often works wonders.*

How complex, and permeated with criminal motives, sex appears to be in the various phobias! A clear example is shown by agoraphobia, where fear plays the part of the guardian of virtue. The patients have no confidence in themselves and make use of this fear as a protection against themselves, as well as for the purpose of obtaining the protection of others. The well-known dread of dirt is the dread of moral uncleanliness, because an unhealthy age has interpreted natural processes as "dirtiness." It is easily comprehensible that a disorder which manifests itself in an imperative desire to wash, is symbolic of a craving for personal purification, a desire to be cleansed of all impure phantasies. A wide field for study is necessary in

**Vide* the chapter "The Anxiety Neurosis of Children" in my *Conditions of Nervous Anxiety*.

order to arrive at the sexual roots of the most varied phobias.

And how much might be said of the various aberrations from the normal sex-impulse. They are found hidden beneath the strangest disguises, and are most easily detected under the different forms of Fetishism. In the choice of a profession, fetishism already declares itself by a noticeable interest in a particular subject, leading to its choice as a profession. One who makes the foot his fetish becomes a shoe-maker, a chiropodist or orthopædist ; a "hand-fetishist" takes to the glove trade, care of the nails, telling fortunes from the hand, manicure, etc. ; bloodthirsty Sadists sublimate their impulses and become butchers, gynæcologists, surgeons or professional soldiers.

Very often the profession is only a mask to enable Fetishism to be more effectively concealed and more freely practised. I take this opportunity to emphasize the fact that there is no such thing as a normal human being. Everyone is abnormal in one way or another. According to Freud, every child is a " polymorphic pervert." This tendency is never altogether obliterated. Perverse instincts cannot all be sublimated. A considerable proportion therefore of the perverse tendency still persists in

the normal man, which either fulfills itself, (these things do not come to light because people are secretive about them) or is disguised and thus concealed from consciousness. I was able to prove this substantially in the case of homosexuality. But when one is acquainted with the disguises of homosexuality, one marvels at the tremendous significance of homosexual love in modern culture.

I refer the reader to my investigations, "*Uber die sexuelle Wurzel der Kleptomanie*" (*Zeitschrift für Sexualwissenschaften*, 1909). Women who have not the courage to commit a sin against morality will steal some article which is of no value to them as the symbolic fulfilment of a forbidden action, whereby the symbolic significance of the stolen article very often reveals the true nature of the instinctive action. "Pyromania" (arson) is often nothing but a mask. How transparent, for example, is the case of the eighteen-year-old servant-girl who set fire to a barn. She admitted to the examining magistrate that she first saturated the stable-boy's bed with paraffin and set it alight. She was entirely unaware that she was in love with the boy, and desired to "enkindle" his love for her.

But enough of masks! Volumes could be written on the subject. I merely wish to draw attention to certain important social movements, behind which erotic impulses may sometimes be detected. I have already spoken of vegetarianism and the abstinence movement; and another instance known to me in this connection, is that of a doctor, a celibate, who founded a society for combating sexual disease and who made, at the inaugural meeting, such a brilliant speech against the prostitution which was poisoning the younger generation, that he was carried round the hall in triumph by the enthusiastic "younger generation." It was easy for this man to preach abstinence, for I found out that he was himself impotent and needed the becoming cloak of a social virtue and necessity to cover his depressing weakness.

It is among just such people as this, who are constantly suspicious of the proprieties being outraged, and who are always setting the police on such members of the community whom they regard as having infringed the laws of morality, that we find examples of a highly erotic character; people who are incapable of, or debarred from, fulfilling natural functions, and who seek security and possible salvation in publicity. If the collector described elsewhere is a disguised Don

Juan who substitutes the articles of his collection for his harem, the person who indignantly collects improper pictures, books, etc., is none the less a person who pursues the subject voluntarily and with zest. Whether one studies the subject from positive motives of predilection, or from negative motives of aversion, the fact remains that the subject of pursuit is the same. And if we could see into the minds of certain various propagandists on "Watch Committees," etc., we should make some strange discoveries. I recall the case of a teacher of religion who took upon himself the task of exploring all the shops dealing in indecent post-cards and of notifying the police thereof, with the result that heavy fines were imposed on these tradespeople. One day he came to me in a great state of trepidation. He had misconducted himself with a young girl and was afraid of being prosecuted. Alfred Berger gives us a picture of a man of this type in his *Hofrat Eysenhardt*. This work represents a stern Viennese judge who is particularly merciless with moral delinquents, and upon whom he pronounces sentences of unheard-of barbarity. He is eventually guilty of an act of immorality himself, and is found shot one day in his office with the following self-imposed sentence before

him :—" In the name of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor ! I have committed a deadly sin and punish myself with death. HOFRAT EYSENHARDT." The severity of the sentences was in this case a form of refuge from his ever-recurrent desires, a refuge in publicity, a protection against himself.

Such cases illumine the modern man of culture as a flash of lightning illumines a gloomy room. The suppression of natural instincts, at present so universal, renders it impossible for the individual to combat and conquer his morbid tendencies. He does not even know that he is subject to them. Disgust, aversion, indignation, are not regarded as protective reactions but as moral verdicts of virtue. Only a frank recognition of the inner foe can enable us to conquer and consciously fight against these morbid tendencies.

Our Sexuality is our share of Immortality. How many people fall victims to asceticism because they look to find therein eternal peace and immortality in return for their privations. What a distortion of the facts ! *But he who achieves a-sexuality achieves at the same time mortality.* And the world is overrun with such fools. Wittels is right when he speaks of a sex-need. But it is this very sex-need which

generates protective reactions that are the forerunners of a healthier age. From the nameless misfortunes of Love's disinherited, a social movement will arise which will preach the right to love. It will demand social equality for both sexes.

CHAPTER V

THE COLLECTOR

He is to be found in every variety. There is not a single article which may not conceivably become an object of his passion for collecting. If he is fond of art—he collects pictures, engravings, antiquities, china, first editions, bronzes; should he be of a scientific turn of mind, he starts herbariums, catches butterflies, piles up minerals, coins, bacteria, "abnormalities"; or his passion leads him to collect stamps, clocks, walking-sticks, umbrellas, inkpots, buttons, hats, furniture, lamps, fire-screens. Sometimes this collecting-mania is bound up with erotic interests. In this case he will be on the hunt for corsets, shoes, handkerchiefs, aprons, petticoats, ribbons, stockings, garters, plaits of hair, curls, gloves, nail-files, crutches. All these are authentic cases.

They all have in common the mania for collecting and the emotion entailed by the act of acquisition. The compulsion to possess the

coveted object is so great that in pathological cases it leads to crime. Those who have never cultivated collecting do not know the tortures and the ecstasies involved in the acquisition of every new specimen. The weighing and considering, the anticipation, the desire, the struggle against the ever growing passion, the final surrender, the dread lest the desired object should come into the possession of another, the fever of possession, the caressing, handling, examining, absorption—the ecstasy of the first days of possession, the gradual disappointment, the eclipse of the old by the new favourite. An emotional over-estimation of the beloved object is peculiar to all collectors. It goes without saying that the picture-collector possesses a genuine Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Dürer, Schindler, Pettenkofen, or some other canvas to which he attaches great value. Some even take great care not to allow a close examination of the picture, for fear lest they might be disillusioned. Illusion is as essential to collecting as it is to love. Just as the lover over-estimates his beloved and can find no faults, but only excellencies in her, so it is in the case of the collector. He has the very finest specimen of its kind; nobody else has its equal. This pride in the rarity of a thing is typical of

all collectors, and in this they resemble the man who wants to have the most beautiful wife.

It will be noticed that I am laying stress on the erotic aspect of the collecting-mania, but I am not unmindful of its other aspects. No doubt the stamp-collector travels round the globe by means of his stamps; he lives in the history of the stamp; he dethrones kings and celebrates memorable historic events through the possession of a particular stamp. But, when all is said and done, it is but a harem that every collector establishes for himself.

Poets have exhaustively described this collecting-mania. Out of the host of examples before me I will choose a very telling one which Kierkegard has left us. It is a significant fact that this poet-philosopher, the fanatical admirer of Mozart's *Don Juan*, himself the philosopher of Don Juanism and the author of a remarkable and erotic *Diary*, should, by his own confession, prove to be himself a collector. He describes the acquisition of an old writing-table:

"Some seven years ago I caught sight of a writing-table at a second-hand dealer's which immediately took my fancy. It was not in the modern style and rather the worse for wear, but it interested me. It is impossible to describe

the emotion I passed through, but I suppose most people have had similar experiences. My daily routine led me past the writing-table at the dealer's, and I never failed to look at it lovingly in passing. In due course this interest in the writing-table became an event in my life; it became a necessity of my existence to see it, and I would even make a détour on its account. The more often I saw it, the stronger grew my desire to possess it. I knew well enough that this was an extravagant wish, as I had no use for it, and had to confess that it would be sheer waste of money to purchase it. But it is notorious that a craving will find itself some excuse. One day I stepped into the dealer's, and, after asking about various other things, I was on the point of going when I casually made a very low offer for the writing-table. I thought it possible that the dealer might close with the offer and then it would have been through a lucky chance that the desk became mine. It was certainly not a question of money that suggested this point of view, but the desire to ease my conscience. But the attempt failed; the dealer was unusually determined. For a while I continued to pass by daily and to cast enamoured glances at the writing-table. I must decide one way or

the other, I thought to myself, for, once the writing-table is gone, it will be too late. And even if I were to succeed in tracing it again, I should no longer get the same satisfaction out of it. My heart thumped as I entered the shop again, and bought and paid for the table. This shall be the last time I will be guilty of such extravagance, I thought ; it is really lucky that I have bought it, for now every time I look at it, it will remind me of my extravagance. This writing-table shall start a new era in my life. Depraved desire is so plausible, and the way to hell is paved with good resolutions. The writing-table was placed in my room, and, as in the *first days of my passion* I found my joy in regarding it from the street, I now paced up and down before it at home. By-and-by I got to know its interior, the countless drawers, pigeon-holes, and shelves, and was in every way delighted with my writing-table."

I have nothing to add to this description —there is no need to emphasize or explain anything. The various stages of the passion could not be more tellingly portrayed. It might well be asked why the poet became enamoured of "old furniture." We find this zest for old things in persons who have not outgrown their childhood. They cling to the

past and immerse themselves in the old interests of their life. They everlastingly remain children. All collectors are children, just as all children are collectors. The child's delight in collecting is well-known. Who in his youth has not collected stones, shells, beetles, stamps, or coins? How few have kept up this passion for collecting in later life? This delight in a number of objects is soon superseded by the joy of monopoly. We want one thing only, but it must be priceless and ours for life. It is the old struggle between polygamy and monogamy, between the idea of a harem and that of eternal fidelity.

The collector is a Don Juan in imagination; but in reality he may be an ascetic or the most faithful of husbands. He compensates himself through his "harem." He transfers his polygamous inclinations to harmless objects. This is especially noticeable in the case of the consciously erotic collector—the fetishist. He lives a chaste life, and can renounce the thought of marriage, if only he has his fetish at his disposal. He collects women's shoes and experiences all the ecstacies of being in love; he is thrilled with passionate feelings as though it were reality and not merely a pastime.

We see here a clear example of that transfer

of emotions of which I purpose giving a few more examples in this book. The desire, in its inception purely erotic, transfers itself from the complete object to a symbol. All collectors are victims of "erotic symbolism." They are never satisfied. They draw their sustenance from spirits; they feed their love-hunger with shadowy phantoms. For this reason the collector never attains peace; he never ceases to collect. Should he sell his collection, he immediately starts another; or he goes in for exchanging, improving, altering. He only stops collecting when the greatest of all Collectors removes him from earthly activities.

Oh! if only people knew what an amount of love and pain vainly expend themselves at auctions where these collections are disposed of, they would shrink from the acquisition of them. But it appears that life would be impossible if we took everything so seriously. Our joys are wrung from others' woes. The value of the quarry to a Don Juan consists in the fact that it is the wife of another that he is pursuing. So a collector is happy if he can secure a valuable specimen from another owner. If the collector is a Don Juan in disguise, he has a distinct advantage over his notorious exemplar, who frittered his life away in the hunt after lust.

The objects of the collector's desire do not lose their value so easily. On the contrary, they increase in value with age. The stamp which is almost valueless to-day will be a rarity in a hundred years; furniture increases in worth as it grows older. But women? . . . Yet we forget that those whom Don Juan possessed remained eternally young in his memory—he was, in fact, a collector of memories. How much in life is nothing but an idle collection of memories which are dissipated into nothingness?

CHAPTER VI

STREET-RACING

HAPPY are those who know nothing of the unspeakable torments of "compulsory actions" and "obsessions." Reason struggles feebly against the absurdity, yet is forced to succumb, because an inner voice says imperiously "You must." The sufferer cringes and cowers before this inner will, for a fearful retribution threatens the omission of the "compulsory action" with the death of one who is near and dear. For instance, there is the man who feels compelled to touch all the pictures in a strange house; should he neglect to carry out this symbolic action, he would live in perpetual dread lest the owner of the house should die through his fault.

I will now quote a few examples from every-day life to show that even the normal person is subject to a similar compulsion, and that everyone is under the tyranny of secret "compulsory actions" and "obsessions." There is

no fundamental difference between illness and health. There are a thousand transitional stages between them, and it is often difficult to tell where health ends and disease begins.

Every cyclist or pedestrian will have experienced the instinctive desire to enter upon a race with unknown persons. He who is behind must not overtake us, and unconsciously we make every effort to catch up the one in front. A keen observer who has given much attention to these "compulsory actions" of every-day life has given me a description of this kind of motiveless race.

"I am in Mariahilfer Strasse and am anxious to get to the Deutsches Volkstheater punctually. I am short of time; standing still, I single out a tall figure from the surging crowd—either a woman with feathers in her hat or a gentleman with a top-hat. I now arrange my handicap. My opponent has an advantage of twenty to fifty paces. I set myself the following task: I must make up this handicap by the fourth gas-lamp or the next street-corner. When I am nearly up to my opponent and see that I shall come up with him before the 'goal,' I shall slacken my pace and overtake him just in the nick of time, thus triumphing over him. Very likely these tactics prevent me from carrying

out my purpose of getting to the theatre as quickly as possible. Not only so, but it may happen that unexpected obstacles occur in the course of the race. My opponent even has the impertinence to come to a halt before a shop-window. I immediately follow his example, in order to find out what this 'idiot' can be staring at. I wait a little until he continues on his way, generously allowing him a slight advantage, in order to overtake him all the more surely before the goal. But should he stand too long, I look upon his delay as a victory for me, leave the vanquished to his fate, make my way into the middle of the road, and single out a fresh victim at some distance. The game is repeated with variations. I become positively furious if my opponent enters a house (perhaps to pay a call) just before the appointed goal I run after him inquisitively, peep into the entrance of the house, wondering to myself what the fellow can be up to there."

I have chosen this example out of the mass of absurdities which my correspondent sent me, because it seems to be typical, and moreover this "race with unknown persons" is perhaps the most frequent of all these forced impulses.

In order to understand these compulsions

we must realize that they are invariably to be found in imaginative persons ; the dry realist would scarcely succumb to such impulses. To him the street is only a street, and he regards the stranger with more or less indifference. The imaginative person, on the other hand, is endowed with a peculiar quality : he is always acting a part. Everything for him is symbolic. In everything, however small or great, he strives for recognition and power. He has a goal ever before his eyes and inwardly asks himself whether he will reach it. The street becomes to him a symbol of the path of life, and his ambition desires to know how he stands with regard to his fellow-men. How many are stronger and more important than he ? How many have achieved more ? The street becomes a test of his capabilities and his sense of individuality. By a slight effort of imagination, he is able to achieve the greatest triumphs for himself. Should his professional colleagues surpass him, should he feel dissatisfied with what he has hitherto attained, or the distant goal seem beyond his powers, he is oppressed with mistrust of himself ; and in order to get the better of this sense of inferiority he arranges a competition with a stranger, to whom he yields an advantage. He tastes the joy of

victory and triumph in advance. He humiliates his opponent. He dubs him "dense" and "impudent" and degrades him to the level of an "idiot." He condescends to interest himself in his fate and in his observation of the shop-window, but always with a feeling of pity, and overweening superiority. If he overtakes his opponent at the fourth gas-lamp, he experiences the joys of this cheap victory, of which the vanquished is utterly unconscious. But this victory stands for a symbol of future triumphs. Just as he has got the better of this man or woman, so will he eventually triumph over his colleagues, friends, and acquaintances! He has not reached the goal as yet. Why not? Does he feel a lack of power? On the contrary, he feels a positive surplus of power. But he is taking his time in order to triumph over everyone and everything at the last moment!

It is almost a temptation to continue our analysis and ask why this particular example of a walk to the theatre should have been chosen. Was he going to a first performance? Had he just written a play himself, or occupied himself with the thought of writing one which should make his name famous and lift him above all cares? Should not he, a clever man, be able

to accomplish what so many silly fools have found easy ?

We see that behind these apparently harmless compulsions lurks the tragedy of dissatisfied ambition. The man is filled with a cheaply bought sense of his own worth before he arrives at the theatre, where the triumph of the author must appear as a set-back for himself. He enters the theatre as a victor crowned with laurels, holding the first prize for the Olympic race in the Mariahilfer Strasse and under the intoxication of his Ego, secure in his megalomania.

And how short the way has seemed ! This quarter of an hour in his own phantasy-theatre has made the race in the street of no more than a minute's duration. He had so many obstacles to overcome, so many people to overtake before reaching the theatre ! Others may have an easy task, but he, like Damon in Schiller's *Bürgschaft* must pass almost insurmountable barriers, rushing torrents, through hordes of bandits, before reaching the stage. He has paid for his enjoyment dearly, thereby enhancing its value.

Finally, we have still to touch on an important psychological fact. There are people who suffer from dread of leisure. They must always

occupy themselves with something or other. They read in the train or whilst walking ; they weave phantastic scenes in thought ; or they are perpetually tied to their business. But for heaven's sake let them not think ! Such people can never be alone with their thoughts, or go for a walk without a companion. They are dominated by the terror of emptiness (*horror vacui*).

It is just these people who are fleeing from themselves, who are liable to these "compulsive actions," because they are then always occupied, and very engrossingly so. They have their own private theatre in the street or at home. Whether they derive pleasure or pain from it is a matter of indifference to them. The object is fulfilled, if only the time occupied by the struggle with themselves or with an imaginary opponent passes sufficiently rapidly to prevent the recognition of the bitter reality. They never get to know the whole truth about themselves. Such "obsessions" and "compulsive actions," for instance, possess the mind of a woman who is unhappy in her marriage and whose secret love-dreams have not been fulfilled. She plays the comedy of a happily married woman who has found the best of all husbands. She suffers from a compulsion which

keeps her occupied from morning till night. She is for ever looking to see that the house is not dusty and that everything is in order; she touches everything to see if it is really standing in its place. I am not going to offer an explanation of these "compulsive actions" —but certainly they serve *one* object: there is no vacant moment in the whole day. Or again, there is the case of the judge who is tortured with doubt after every sitting, as to whether his verdict was correct; who always feels that every right has two sides, who is always turning over the reasons "for" and "against" in his brain, not realizing the power of the "repressed perversion" which threatens to unbalance him. The whole of his emotions seem to be transferred to "compulsive broodings."

But how far we have wandered from our subject—"The race in the street"! What ugly passions we have had to discover behind it all: jealousy, ambition, ill-will, boastfulness, megalomania, wilful blindness, acting, and in the background a distracted soul. Can we rightly speak of the "compulsive actions" of a normal person? What should we say in the case of an ill person? . . . The answer is not difficult: in a certain sense all normal persons

are ill and all ill persons are normal. During the quarter of an hour's race in the street reason is in abeyance. Imagine this state as permanent, and you have a picture of madness before you. What is the difference? We normal people find our way back again into the prosaic kingdom of health. . . .

Madness expands the borders of the world into infinity. It permits us to celebrate victories over powerful opponents; it leads us out of the oppressive narrowness of everyday life on to dizzy heights, and yields us experiences for which we thirst. To live and strive, to climb and fall, to conquer and be conquered, to love and hate, these are our needs—even if only attainable in delusion, and by our becoming the Don Quixotes of the street. Behind us limps the bruised Sancho Panza, sighing over our follies—which latter, perhaps represent our highest wisdom.

CHAPTER VII

THE TORMENT OF CHOICE

THE following correspondence provides a good example of one of the unknown sources of the habit of indecision on the part of some women.

"DEAR DR X., I am a thoroughly healthy woman, happily married, the mother of two children, perfectly satisfied with my lot, and without any special cares. Nevertheless, I suffer from a species of anxiety, which, while not exactly embittering my life, certainly makes it difficult. Although I am otherwise energetic and decided, every purchase of any article of apparel becomes an almost impossible task. Perhaps you will understand me best if I give you an account of the events of the last few weeks. Now you probably know from your own experience that a woman who sets store by her personal appearance approaches such matters with reasonable seriousness and forethought. My friends usually look in the shop-windows beforehand, select a milliner, and are soon quite satisfied to have made a satisfactory

choice. Some hesitate slightly, think the matter over, or eventually take the hat back and exchange it. But what I go through beforehand cannot be considered a matter of choosing, but a feverish disease. First I worry over the actual decision, but I know that the greater torment is still to come. I should prefer not to buy a hat at all. Shall I, or shall I not? At last I go to a milliner. If only for once I were lucky enough to see a hat of which I could say to myself 'this or none'! But I always find two or three hats which please me. If I take my first choice home and look at myself in the glass, I imagine that the second would have suited me better. If I decide on the second, I immediately regret not having chosen the first. Each hat seems to have its special advantages. You will probably advise me to let my husband decide in such doubtful cases. But that is the extraordinary thing! The decision of my husband does not satisfy me. I say to myself, 'After all, only a woman's taste can be trusted in such matters.' Shall I ask the advice of my women friends? Heaven forbid! Which of my friends is unprejudiced enough to wish to see me more attractive? In any case I shrink from calling upon them to assist me in my choice. The only one left who can speak

with authority is my mother. She must go with me and speak the decisive word. Her decision is conclusive for me. And, as in the case of my hats, so it is with all those purchases which concern my own person. For my children, my husband or, in the case of presents to others, I can make an independent choice without wavering— and, I believe, with some taste. But, when it comes to myself, I am utterly distracted. I am the slave of my mother, and I behave as if I were a young girl needing her mother's protection. How often I have tried to free myself from this tyranny! But each attempt has failed miserably, so that I now prefer to take my mother with me at once when I go shopping. I think with dread of the time when she may be prevented from coming with me. I can't bear to think of her death!—I believe I should then never come to a decision, but vacillate eternally between two hats, two styles, and two dressmakers.

"It is absurd to burden you with such trifles but I should only like to know how it is that a normal person can yet in one respect verge on madness or eccentricity."

"DEAR MADAM, The condition which you so graphically describe is well-known to me.

It belongs to those typical Compulsory Actions from which the modern educated woman suffers, They are always choosing, choosing, and can never come to a decision. It occurs in countless varieties : there is the case of the woman who vacillates for long until she finally succumbs and with heroic determination buys the very last article shewn to her. Then there is the lady who returns the next day to find fault with her purchase and to change it ; the doubter, who is always accompanied by a friend or her mother, because she could never decide for herself ; finally there is the ' patient sufferer,' who regrets her bargain immediately she has made it, but is too modest to effect a change. In order to explain this strange phenomenon, which is part of a disease we psycho-analysts call ' weakness of will ' I must go a little deeper.

" I must make you understand the phenomenon of ' substitutive actions.' What is a ' substitutive action ' ? Here are some examples. A man flies into a temper, would like to punish his opponent, would like best of all to box his ears ; but contents himself with smashing a vase into a thousand pieces. Or a man with criminal homicidal instincts, who becomes an enthusiastic huntsman and shoots some harmless animal once a week. Or picture to yourself a

man who has the instincts of a Don Juan in him, collecting a picture-gallery of lovely female portraits in place of a register of his conquests amongst beautiful women—that is, he becomes a passionate lover—of pictures! He goes through all the stages of being in love before he acquires a picture, and feels himself a victorious conqueror when it finally hangs on the walls of his own house, enabling him to experience the first raptures of a honeymoon.

"Your shopping worries, too, are 'substitutive actions.' They are symbolic emblems of another bargain which you cannot undo. You will ask me at once what is the bargain to which I refer. You have given me the answer yourself. It is true you have informed me that you are happily married, but at the same time you mentioned that your husband's decision in the matter of your purchases carries no weight. This is a psychic betrayal. For a woman who is satisfied and happy in her marriage only desires to please her husband—so at least she always asserts to herself and to others—and in such cases will always let her husband decide. That you do not do so proves to me that there is something amiss. The excitement you experience in choosing a hat does not spring from the source it appears to you, but from quite

another source. Have you made a bad choice at some time? Perhaps in the most important choice of all, in the choice of a husband? The fact that you now bow to your mother's decision leads me also to suspect that this first choice was made against the will of your mother.

"There is a further explanation which may throw light on your compulsion action. You probably do not know what I mean by the 'tendency to annul.' Neurotics often undo in imagination an accomplished fact. You annul the fact of your marriage in the purchase of a hat. You act as if you were still single and in a position to make another choice. The hat becomes to you the symbol of the husband (which, moreover, it also represents in dreams). You are still free and are about to choose a husband. But this time you do not wish to make the decision alone. This time the authoritative voice of your mother, which you formerly ignored in the face of your great love, must be listened to. You leave the decision to your mother and thereby acknowledge that you would have done better to have listened to your mother before. You are reacting the most important chapter in your life—the choosing of a husband. You act it again and again, as though you could alter the stern reality. You

annul your engagement, your marriage, your two children, who constitute perhaps the reason why this drama remains only a drama of the imagination. You act as though you were choosing afresh, and yield to your mother the rights which you once denied her. You are cancelling everything; and yet this whole drama takes place only unconsciously. You do not want to know that you are unhappy; you have secrets which you keep from yourself, and you are forced to express your secret thoughts in symbolic actions. You are under the influence of remorse. For the torture of your indecision really signifies this: if only I had taken my mother's advice and let her decide! Your present indecision is a punishment for your over-hasty resolve. Perhaps I have drawn false conclusions and you are among the few fortunate women who are really happy when they assert that they are. For one feels that one ought to be happy. Unfortunately my experience tells me that happy people have no need to act comedies to themselves."

"Dear Doctor, I admit that in one point you have guessed aright. I did marry my husband in spite of the most violent opposition on the part of my mother. But I will never

admit that I do not still love him or that I am unhappy. I am only nervous, that is all. I suffer from fits of weeping, from depression and an alarming weakness of will. Now I am going to a Sanatorium with the conviction that I shall come back fully recovered and become the happiest of all women. I am hesitating between three different Sanatorias, all of which have been strongly recommended to me. My husband thinks I should go to P— ; my mother is in favour of E—, and my friend of S—. I shall probably choose E—, because the air suits me."

Three years later.

"DEAR DOCTOR, You were right after all. I have been to all three Sanatoria and they have done me no good. But I am now separated from my husband, and I am free once more—and just imagine—the whole torture of indecision is over. I choose my hats with my future husband, who has wonderful taste ; but I beg you not to construe this as want of taste on my part. . . . .

"P.S. There are probably many women who are dissatisfied with their first choice. I observed about a dozen women to-day at the milliner's who could not make up their minds.

Are first husbands always so unsatisfactory, or is it that we are blind? My mother is of opinion that if daughters always followed their mother's advice much trouble would be avoided. But all mothers affirm this, and I know women who have become unhappy through their mother's choice. But then they buy all their hats without consulting their mother. I should never have thought that the milliner is the modern oracle for married people. . . . ."

CHAPTER VIII

FEAR OF THE DENTIST

THE stopping of a sensitive tooth, or the more or less painless extraction of one, can hardly be considered as one of the greatest joys of life. But there are many people in whom the normal sensitiveness of the mouth is exaggerated to such a degree that it amounts to a disease, and the natural fear of the dentist becomes an incomprehensible pathological terror. Some nervous women will even admit that they would rather go through childbirth again than have another tooth extracted. I know men who have faced the horrors of drum-fire and yet tremble when they have to pay a visit to the dentist. Many a man will suffer months of excruciating pain day and night rather than make up his mind to resort to the only sure remedy.

All these over-sensitive people are endowed with abnormally sensitive nerves in the region of the mouth. On closer investigation it will be found that in the case of such people the

mouth occupies a central place in their world-outlook. Either they are gourmands or else very abstemious and specially sensitive to different tastes; either they love kissing, or else find kissing intolerable; their mouth represents an "erogenous zone," and is so to speak an instrument of love. Secret bridges connect this exaggerated fear to morbid impulses, further developments of which may be hinted at.

The following experience related to me by a neurologist will show that this fear of the dentist is only an "assumed fear."

A healthy man of twenty-eight suffered with tooth-ache. "You must go to the dentist to-morrow!" his mother told him. After a sleepless night he promised to call on a man who had relieved him on previous occasions. The next day he went to the dentist, who, after examining the tooth, informed him that it would have to be extracted: "You had better have it painlessly removed at once." An inexplicable excitement took possession of the man. "At once? Is there no alternative? Must I really have it out?"

The dentist emphatically reiterated his advice. The patient then asked for an exact description of the method. Would the first prick of the needle for injection of the cocaine

be very painful? Should he not rather take gas?"

The long-suffering dentist declared himself willing to remove the tooth under an anæsthetic.

The patient writhed in torment and uncertainty. Finally he hit upon a way out. "Look here, no offence, I am so excited to-day, I haven't slept a wink all night. I would rather put up with another night's pain and come again to-morrow. Please give me something to kill the nerve or at least to deaden the pain."

The dentist, who was well acquainted with this type of person, complied with the request of his nervous patient. With a few stammered words of apology for taking up so much of his time, and yet relieved from an intolerable dread, the patient left the scene of danger. An indescribable excitement, altogether out of proportion to the trifling nature of the circumstances, had taken possession of him. His heart beat to suffocation, and he trembled so violently that he could scarcely walk home. But all this was nothing compared with the drama presently enacted before his mother's eyes. He began by staying away from his office in order to calm down a bit. He was so upset that he could not think of work. He called on friends and obtained from them the addresses of other

dentists who were supposed to have a particularly painless method, or were distinguished by possession of the highly valued but legendary "light hand." He passed a sleepless night, partly on account of the pain, partly owing to excitement. The next day, being in a state of still greater collapse, he was, of course, unable to go to his office. He lost his appetite and began to look really ill. He could think of nothing but the dentist and the extraction of the tooth, but could come to no decision. His mother suffered a veritable martyrdom. (Only mothers of similar children can understand and appreciate the sufferings of this one.) The family doctor appeared, ordered bromide, and delivered a long lecture to the patient, in which he pointed out that he would feel nothing of the drawing of the tooth, and offered to accompany him to the dentist. The expedition was discussed at great length, as if it were to be a dangerous undertaking, details being talked over for hours.

On the following day the doctor became painfully aware of his own powerlessness in the face of his patient's dread. They did eventually drive away to the dentist, who awaited his patient with every preparation for the alleviation of pain. But our hero begged to be allowed

a few minutes' walk up and down in front of the dentist's house, after which he would go up without fail. His mother and the family doctor agreed to his request, and the patient walked up and down with hurried footsteps. He must just buy a cigar at a shop round the corner—he wouldn't be a moment. His mother and the doctor waited and waited and waited, till the suspicion dawned on them that the patient had played truant.

His condition grew steadily worse, until there was no doubt that it was a case of some serious mental disturbance. The patient lost his power to sleep and his appetite, grew restless, despairing, impatient, contemplated suicide, and had to enter a sanatorium, as his capacity for work had sunk to zero.

Finally, after many meanderings, he came to me. He desired to be hypnotized in order to drive the " deuced notion " out of his head and to replace it by my command for the extraction of the tooth. I saw at once that this undue emotion with regard to the affair of the tooth arose from far deeper sources, and that this dread of the dentist was but an outcome of a much more serious dread touching his whole life. I carefully probed his thoughts. What other conflicts and worries had he which were

not connected with the dentist? I received the expected answer: "I should be the happiest man in the world if I could only have that tooth out. I live with my mother and I fear she spoils me too much; and I have a fiancée whom I adore."

"You have a fiancée? When are you going to be married?"

"Ah—that is the question. I was to have been married three years ago—but then the war broke out and . . .—well you understand, one can't marry during the war."

"What does your fiancée say to your fear of the dentist?"

"She thinks it absurd, just as she thinks many things about me absurd, simply because she doesn't understand me. I see her very seldom; I only go to her twice a week."

"Why this restriction?"

"Because this is the only way to keep our relationship free from all impure desires—in other words clean—during a long period of waiting."

This was enough for me. A great love, possessing the whole soul of the lover, would never consent to such restrictions on the plea of such threadbare "rationalization." It was evident that my patient was going through a

very difficult conflict. Further conversation with him only strengthened my conviction. He suffered from a "Mother-fixation," and he could not picture life without her, who spoiled him so much. He was afraid of marriage, but equally afraid of breaking his engagement. He knew that his fiancée loved him passionately and that it might cost her her life were she to lose him.

While I was putting two and two together, my patient went on talking. He was very much disturbed by a bad dream he had had the previous night, which he could not understand, and which seemed to him like an evil prophecy: he dreamt that he was at the dentist's, who painlessly extracted the tooth. He had then taken the tooth and put it into a locket containing a picture of his fiancée. The picture had fallen down and disappeared into the ground. . . .

This dream gave him away. The tooth was a symbol of his sweetheart; the extraction of the tooth was a symbol of separation, and this separation from his bride meant her death. His indecision with regard to the dentist was the "substitutory act" for his vacillating attitude with regard to his bride.

In such cases clearness of vision is the only

way of salvation. After some weeks the patient turned up at the dentist's again, and surprised the latter by his sudden determination to have the tooth taken out. This time he was not accompanied by his mother, but by a pale, fair girl, whom he introduced as his fiancée.

After a speedy and painless extraction, the dentist remarked: "You should have hit upon this idea before. Love makes all things possible. For the sake of your bride you have borne yourself like a hero."

But the patient who had been looking at the tooth for some time, said enigmatically to his fiancée: "Strange! It doesn't resemble you in the least!"

And the reply was still more puzzling to the dentist: "Yes, it does, it has a firm strong root. . . ."

A week later, a happy young couple travelled to Semmering. But at home, a lonely mother shed tears of joy and of pain. . . .

CHAPTER IX

PEOPLE WHO ARE ALWAYS TOO LATE

NEARLY everyone has characteristic faults which he is continually committing, and which, in spite of unpleasant consequences, in spite of repentance and good resolutions, he must repeat. Every fee which he pays to Life as his teacher is spent in vain. At the critical moment he generally relapses into his old faults.

It has taken a long time for medical psychologists to interest themselves in these psychic abnormalities of the normal man and to recognize them as powerful compulsions. Compulsion Actions are those which one has to commit against one's will and in spite of reasoning and resolution. They are the consequences of a powerful affect (emotion) in which the psychic powers always vanquish the powers of reasoning.

One of the most common of these Compulsion Actions is the "arriving too late" of certain people. One knows them in theatres and in

concerts—these troublesome late-comers for whom one has to get up to allow them to pass, losing an interesting moment and being disturbed in one's mood. The general annoyance, a muffled murmuring and grumbling, a "sh—!" accompanies their thornful entrance, the husband throws an annihilating glance on his unpunctual wife, but all is in vain. The next time she does exactly the same thing. And she will always find a reason to excuse her late coming. I say "she," because it is mostly women who suffer from this troublesome compulsion. But there are men also who are unable to free themselves from the fatal compulsion of coming too late.

They always find an excuse. In town, it is, of course, that "cursed electric train" which was over-crowded, had a breakdown, or at least did not arrive "for half an hour," so that everyone was furiously angry. . . . But there are many other causes. A key could not be found, an unexpected visitor arrived, they remember (when in the street) that the key has been left in their desk, a sudden pain inside has often to be employed as an excuse, an "awful headache," a mysterious "attack," something very important had to be done, and so forth.

We can clearly see that this is a neurotic

disturbance as soon as we realize what the distorted caricature shown by this compulsion neurosis really signifies—the *fear* of coming too late! We know these Anxious Ones at the railway stations, where they sit in the waiting rooms for hours before the departure of the train, asking the porter a thousand times what time the train starts? why the ticket-office is not yet open?—people who order a meal and gulp it down at lightning speed, watch in hand, then are seized with fear lest the porter may forget their luggage or be too late with it. Finally they remember something—for instance, that they must send a telephone message—and at last, in spite of all their precautions and preparations, have a great rush to manage to reach their compartment just before the train starts. Their whole life is a strife for punctuality, which for ever remains an unattained ideal.

Their life is a continual rush. They hurry, hurry from morning till night. They have countless jobs and errands, which are never performed. Notwithstanding their complaints and apparent unhappiness over their "driven life," one soon finds out that they arrange all this performance of "racing against Time," acting continually the same one scene: coming

too late! If we look more closely, we shall find various slight traits which betray the true meaning of this forced racing. They are quietly reading a book, when one would imagine that there could be no opportunity for a race with time. But suddenly the reader will glance at the number of pages there are in the book and set before himself a time limit: "Now I shall see if I can finish this book in an hour." The inner voice will reply: "You will cheat yourself! You will skip some of the pages!" "No," says the first voice, "I will read aloud quite slowly and yet I shall try to finish it in an hour!"

Now the conditions are suitable for the rush to begin; the race against time starts; the reading becomes quicker, and the fear of not finishing the book within an hour puts all other thoughts into the background, even interest in the book itself . . . and with this anxiety blends a sweet but deep feeling of pleasure, the "Pleasure-Reward" for the torturing anxiety.

It is difficult to get the patient to speak openly about this Pleasure-Reward. The neurologist coming in contact with these neurotics, who complain of their indescribable torture and threaten to make an end of themselves if they are not freed from their torments, has to learn

at length, to his humiliation, that the patient resists recovery because an inner will, the "Will to Illness," an unexpressed "Pleasure in Pain," a Sadism directed against his own Ego—plays a delightful game with the sufferers, and fixes the neurotic conditions standing between illness and health. The more they complain, the more secret pleasure they obtain from their self torture.

This shows that the form taken by the neurosis—the neurotic dramatization—always has a deeper meaning. The neurotic is an actor of life who continually plays the same scene. I have fully explained this phenomenon in my book: *Nervöse Leute*, under the heading, "Schauspieler des Lebens" (Actors of Life). What does this coming too late signify on the stage of life? What forces the actor always to have in mind that he may miss something of importance if he is too late? Why are his dreams full of scenes in which he comes too late? (Either he misses a train in his dream, or a carriage goes off before his eyes, or the girl he is going to woo is already engaged, and so on in endless variety). Why?

They are people who have suffered in their youth from the fact that they have been born too late. They are often the younger brothers

and the younger sisters who have suffered from the earlier birth of the elder ones—the old tragedy of Cain and Abel, Jacob and Esau. The elder brother or the elder sister certainly possesses advantages which are denied to the younger children. These childish impressions are indelibly impressed. The clearest example in my practice of "coming too late" was that of an aristocrat whose elder brother had come into a rich inheritance with many rights, whilst he himself had been put off with a comparatively small amount. Over and over again this patient harped on the idea of what his situation would have been had he been born first.

It also occurs that sons envy their fathers, daughters their mothers, and would like to be able to put themselves in their place. I will refer only to Alexander the Great, who suffered from the fear that his father would leave him nothing more to conquer. He certainly was destined to suffer from the fear of being too late. . . .

The whole outlook on the world is changed for such people. They think that they can obtain nothing because someone else has come first. They take it as a spite of Fate that it is just *they* who must have the misfortune of another person with similar talents and mental

abilities as themselves coming before them, taking away their chance of fame, inventing their inventions, singing their poems, and writing their dramas. They find themselves valueless and superfluous. Thousands of Wagnerites—to mention only one example—consider themselves to have been done out of their birthright by Wagner.

Every great person who proclaims himself to the world by some great deed, creates brothers who curse him, envy, and feel themselves paralysed by his creative work. They have all come too late. They are blind to the fact—not wanting to see—that it is never too late and that one never comes too late. Everything of real importance comes too early—and that is the tragedy of it all. He who fritters away his energies over the small scenes of life will have none left for the great acts. He will always be too late, and secretly get enjoyment and triumph through it, however much he may bewail it openly. Unfortunately these are the only triumphs these compulsion neurotics have in everyday life. They triumph only over themselves, and fight only with themselves and prove to their own satisfaction by countless good reasons what they might have achieved if only they had not come too late.

This self-satisfaction is the stem which supports the weak branches of their self-feeling. They are fighters for their own personality, who need a continual excuse for the non-attainment of the high aim which their measureless ambition has set for them.

What might they have become if only they had not lived just at this time! Time is their enemy and their defender, their advocate and their judge in one. Their only revenge, their only joy, is this cruel game with time. They despise punctuality, because that would be equivalent to a recognition of Time.

CHAPTER X

THE WILL TO ILLNESS

HEALTH is always valued as the highest good. All customary good wishes include good health amongst other things and place it first—"Health, happiness, and long life." If one is in good health, one can bear every thing. "Health is the greatest wealth" is another proverb. Everyone strives for health and makes the greatest sacrifices to attain it. They discipline themselves, force their inclinations into channels that are foreign to them, undertake all sorts of difficult tasks and even make themselves ill by their exaggerated striving after health. The "Will to Health" is an important factor in modern culture and is clearly expressed in the universal pursuit of sports. The "Will to Health" is an outstanding feature of our time. But everything in human life is two-fold, "bipolar," and so it is that there is also a "Will to Illness."

To speak of a "Will to Illness" appears on first thoughts ludicrous and improbable. Of

course we all know people who feign illness from various motives, "malingerers." They have not the "Will to Illness," but only feign illness. They are really well enough in themselves, and are ill only for those around them and with whom they come into contact.

But the patients of whom I am about to speak, and with whom the "Will to Illness" plays such an important role, are, on the contrary, sometimes well for other people and ill only for themselves. To be seriously ill without anyone being able to suspect it even affords them a certain secret enjoyment and intense satisfaction. I refer to neurotic people, who in many instances suffer greatly from their illness and are forced to endure the most unpleasant sensations. In spite of it, they have grown to love their illness and are very unwilling to part with it. They deliberately avoid opportunities that might be the means of bringing them health. They gloat over their sufferings. The very fact of their being incurable and of no doctor being able to cope with their complaint affords them great enjoyment. They have that ludicrous pride in their unique illness which is peculiar to hypochondriacs and which is expressed by a superior ironical smile; and this is most clearly in evidence during the consultation with the

doctor and when enumerating the long list of remedies and of doctors who have wrestled (hitherto ineffectually) with their difficult complaint.

Another point is important : do these sufferers know their " Will to Illness " or is it " unconscious " ? We are greatly misusing the expression " unconscious." The school of Psychoanalysis (Freud) especially, like to make use of the conception of the Unconscious, and like to attribute the motive for illness to the Unconscious. My more recent investigations have proved that, under the influence of Freud, I formerly attributed much to the "Unconscious" which I can now clearly prove to be conscious. Perhaps it would be more correct to speak of "pre-conscious" psychic experiences, *i.e.*, those experiences which are not under the constant control of consciousness but are occasionally pushed to one side. When the searchlight of attention is focussed on the field of consciousness, the light falls more brightly on certain parts, whilst other parts are illuminated only by the outermost beams or by occasional flashes. If we imagine the searchlight shining in our direction only, we should have a strictly circumscribed field of illumination, *i.e.*, consciousness. There are, however, certain psychic images and feelings

which, because of the displeasure they cause, we do not want to see. The light falls only on these here and there, like lightning-flashes, and disappears at once, leaving them once more in darkness.

The "Will to Illness" is such a "preconscious" psychic phenomenon. But in some cases it is possible to prove the existence of this will and to obtain the patient's admission that he is fully conscious of it.

One would allow oneself to be badly deceived if one were to attach too much importance to the fine phrases which the neurotic serves up to us when he comes entreating a cure. They all cry out for health. But they are acting a part with themselves and with the doctors, for they do not in the least wish to be well. It was the greatest surprise of my life when I was able, quite unexpectedly, to prove this "Will to Illness"—a conscious will, mark you—in a patient who was suffering fearful tortures. I have since learned that all neurotics are under two opposing influences—they have both the "Will to Health" and the "Will to Illness," and they all, without exception, harbour a secret dread of losing their illness.

What are the sources of this foolish enjoyment of illness and this incomprehensible "Will to

Illness"? There are more motives than a hasty consideration would lead one to suppose. It will be best, perhaps, if I demonstrate these motives—and with them the phenomenon of the "Will to Illness"—by some examples out of my experience.

We will begin with a doctor who was in a painful predicament. He could neither sit nor walk. If he sat on a chair, he suffered such a severe stabbing pain that he was forced to jump up with a cry. When walking, the soles of his feet were painful, so that he could only hobble through the streets with difficulty. The poor man was always obliged to stand during his consultations, and could drive on his rounds only in a softly upholstered carriage. Every day brought fresh tortures and complications and fresh problems, requiring great sagacity for their solution; in addition to this, he had to conceal his sufferings, though this finally became impossible, as with the greatest care he could sit only on a cushioned chair at the restaurant, and that only on his best days.

This sufferer had recourse to a medical treatment that promised great results. He was able to sit again, and walking became easier from day to day. One would think that he would have been overjoyed at this happy release from

his tortures, and he certainly had many hours which he regarded with the greatest satisfaction, like a man who after severe tooth-ache reckons freedom from pain as his greatest bliss. But he frankly admitted that he heard voices speaking somewhat as follows: "What a pity that you are to lose your old and dear complaint; it was not so bad after all. You have lived so many years with your illness, it was a good friend to you"!

In the dreams of these patients their illness often appears symbolized as a friend. They dream that they are going to lose an old friend, who—it is true—has hurt them, but who has been very faithful. They regard their treatment as an attack on the part of the doctor on their most precious possessions—their illness. They dream, too, that they are being robbed of a great treasure. There is always the fear of losing the precious illness. This is expressed as well in other dreams. One of my patients told me on the first day of his treatment that he had dreamed that an attempt on the life of Alphonso was being planned, that he had awakened from the dream with fear and palpitations. His associations with King Alphonso were very remarkable. He had been born on the same day as the Spanish king and was often

called Prince Alphonso by his family. So Alphonso was a second Ego that dominated him ; his illness was indeed a king, an absolute tyrant, for he was suffering from a compulsion neurosis that made life a torture. He could not eat without performing a complicated ceremonial beforehand, not go out without making the round of the house according to a certain plan. Out-of-doors he suffered from a fear of pulling out his purse or handkerchief and losing something valuable, and he would begin to count and search, continuing this for a considerable time. Although he was a young man, he was not in a condition to complete his studies, was miserable and immersed in his illness, whilst his colleagues were already doctors and in good positions. And this man, who wept and pretended to be desperate (and perhaps really was so), had such a " Will to Illness " that in the very first night he trembled for his " King Alphonso," his illness. This highly intelligent person confessed to me later that he carried on long conversations with his illness. " Let me live ! Let me live ! " cried the inner voice of the patient. The motive for his illness was a tremendous defiance of his father, who did not pay him sufficient attention and who had taken his brilliant successes at the Upper School as a matter of course. Out of

anger at this supposed want of affection on the part of his father, and also from a sort of self-torturing tendency by way of punishing himself for sinful thoughts, this promising young man was ruining his whole life.

Here is another recent example. A patient suffering from curious states of excitement, was under compulsion to run about all day, and could not find rest anywhere, neither in work, nor in books nor in amusements, but led a restless existence, hunted from one impression to another, driven by various compulsive actions and incapacitated for any profession. On the first night of his treatment he dreamed as follows: "I was on a steamer, and looked at the water. It was a stormy, tossing sea with high waves. The storm raged and whistled round my head. Then I noticed regretfully that the water grew calmer. 'What a pity,' I said to myself, 'that the beautiful storm is nearly over. Now the voyage will be very monotonous and dull.'" The voyage of the dream is the life-voyage of the patient.

His life is now like a raging sea, with ever new impressions, journeys, and changes! Is this all to change and is life to become a peaceful voyage on smooth, calm waters? This seemed dull in the dream and the thought occurred

to him next morning: "Life with the illness is very beautiful. It causes me endless suffering but it gives my life constant change and colour —besides it makes me so interesting to the world." This is an idea that fills him continually with secret joy. His illness is unique and there is no other human being who has one similar to it.

But this pride alone would not explain the "Will to Illness." There are many other motives to account for it. By means of his illness the sufferer dominates his environment and presses everyone into his service. Again and again he demands various small and great services and challenges sympathy, the form in which he extracts love in small payments. His pride in his illness cannot brook any comparison between his suffering and the suffering of others. The well-known joke is true, that tells how one neurotic said to another when he complained of his sufferings: "You shamelessly healthy fellow. How dare you compare your illness with mine!"

But the chief rôle is played by a sweet martyrdom that has a religious significance. These patients feel themselves to be great martyrs, and this thought fills them with such joy that it counterbalances their sufferings. Pleasure

in pain (masochism) is more wide-spread than is generally supposed. It is this premium of pleasure which compensates the sufferer for his pains and deprivations. Even pain is changed to pleasure. Many a martyr has provided for himself the greatest joy that he was capable of experiencing, by means of his pains. Added to this is the religious motive—a full recompense will be made in heaven for all these deprivations. A more than sufficient compensation—everlasting bliss—will be made for all the lost joys of this world ; for all disabilities, for this miserable existence with torturing sufferings and endless self-denials. When the pains and pleasures of our martyr are weighed, the scale of pain will sink low in the test. Certainly at the Last Judgment his sufferings must be recognized ! And the poor patient will be richly compensated for his measureless tortures.

But a strong vein of idealism runs through this striving after higher good, which gives the struggler a powerful upward impulse. If ordinary sufferings are embittering, and if only very great men become greater through pain, the principle applies in a still greater degree to the sufferings of the neurotic. They have a formative effect on the soul, and the pride of these people in their sufferings, and the fact

that they can love their pains, become comprehensible. There is a fine saying of Novalis: "Nothing so differentiates a man from nature as the fact that he has hit upon the idea of loving pain and suffering." The sufferer rises with his illness above a banal commonplace, and above nature which only values health and the joys of life. He draws joy from new sources; he is a discoverer of new possibilities of pleasure he enlarges the boundaries of humanity; he is the autocratic creator of his pains and joys, and thus borders on divinity. A charming woman of delicate perception once referred me to a wonderful saying of Goethe's when I spoke of the "Will to Illness": "I conversed with myself, and with gentle tones rocked to sleep pain, longing, and every desire. Thus suffering turned to enjoyment and even sad feelings became harmony."

"I conversed with myself." There lies the riddle. Here the great secret of the "Will to Illness" is disclosed. The sufferer converses with himself; he visits the "theatre of his Ego," as I have called this phenomenon. This theatre affords him the most wonderful dramatizations, so that he can renounce all other entertainments. He is the spectator of his own pains and joys. He is critic, poet, and actor

in one. He is delighted with the extent of his repertory, and allows himself now and then to arrange a first-night entertainment to which the doctors are invited together with his family. There lurks in him a strain of the qualities of Bernard Shaw, who makes merry over his audience, weeping with one eye and laughing with the other.

Herein lies the greatest danger. For a healthy man is like a steersman who steers his bark of life with firm hand and appoints the daily course for himself. But our patient not only has moods, but the moods possess *him*. He wakes in the morning curious to know what sort of a day he is going to have. Then he stands wondering before those secret powers that have granted him a "good" day. Another day he will groan before the mysterious power which works in secret and has ordained his "bad" day. He accepts his days, his symptoms, his pains, like a fate, and renounces all struggle. He is the critic of the "theatre of his Ego," and forgets that he could be the poet and creator as well, forgets that he once also had the "Will to Health." He has lost the power to work, because work keeps him from visiting his "theatre" and leaves him no time for reflection and brooding.

So I appeal to you, all you sick people to whom the ways of life are barred by the "Will to Illness"—overcome it by the "Will to Health." Life brings enough suffering to ennoble, enough privations to hurt, enough sorrow and care. Learn to love life, and see to it that you do not lose the small joys of life. Do not exempt yourselves from life, and do not set yourselves up to be gods of a world of illness of your own creation. And what a ridiculous, distorted, untrue world! Have patience and tarry for the fulfilment which life brings. The hour comes for every one when the bandage is removed from the eyes and when a fresh view of unknown distances opens up. With amazement the eyes open, and the exclamation bursts forth: "I have never seen the world so beautiful." There are so many bandages and coverings, so many blinkers, so many distorting telescopes and dirty glasses which prevent the clear vision of the world from becoming apparent. We all must first learn how to see.

CHAPTER XI

THE "WILL TO UGLINESS"

THE will has the power to transform the body. People who sufficiently desire to be beautiful eventually become so. The "Will to Health" is already a part of health, whilst the "Will to Illness" is at the root of every nervous complaint. Kohnstamm strikingly refers to the shaky health-conscience of the neurotic. But there is also a "beauty-conscience," which colours the whole personality. There are illnesses in which people lose their "beauty-conscience." For example, melancholic people find a secret satisfaction in neglecting their personal appearance; their hair hangs in tangled disorder, they are unwashed, their eyes often disfigured with weeping. Their illness changes them from attractive to ugly people. It is often the first sign of returning health when they smile pleasantly, dress their hair, or put on a new dress. Their vanity returns and the "beauty-conscience" is reawakened.

Some neuroses beautify the sufferer, whose expression is transfigured by suffering; but there are also neuroses which express themselves through ugliness, and this ugliness is intentional and fulfils a secret function. It serves either for protection or for punishment, for a test or merely for caprice. Very frequently this intentional ugliness serves as a protection against temptations. Those strange disfiguring eruptions of the skin which so often affect beautiful women belong to this category. Those afflicted are generally very unhappy about the disfigurement and have no idea that it is they themselves who ingenuously produce, and aggravate, the eruption. I knew a lady whose face was disfigured by eczema during the time her husband was on military service. After his return the trouble disappeared rapidly, though every treatment had been ineffectual previously. It turned out that the lady had continually scratched at her face until at last the eruption appeared. She was not consciously aware that she was thus protecting herself against the temptations of grass-widowhood.

Still more interesting is the example of another eruption of the face that engaged the attention of many specialists without their being able to effect a cure. The daughter of a millionaire had

yielded to the advances of a poor musician. The consequences were suppressed, and an engagement arranged as she, the only child of her parents, threatened suicide otherwise. But it soon appeared that her love was due to defiance, with the sole aim of punishing her mother for her supposed lack of affection. She fell ill, suffered from insomnia and nervous attacks, and came to me for treatment. Her appearance was frightful. Her whole face, especially the forehead, was covered with an ugly red rash, even suppurating in places. It was soon evident that she scratched herself at night to such an extent that healing was impossible. She assured me that the irritation prevented her from sleeping, but she continued to scratch herself even after a sleeping draught, which she frequently took. She lived in a perpetually drugged condition, because the fear of insomnia was even greater than the need for sleep. I could see that she was protecting herself from the caresses of her fiancé, and would have preferred him to have broken the engagement and to have left her. But he remained true to her in spite of the eruption, to cure which all the celebrated specialists tried in vain, and he never for a moment entertained the idea of a separation. In order to judge of the double nature of

hysterical people we must take into account the antithesis between the conscious and the co-conscious endeavours. When it came to a question of material differences between her fiancé and her parents, she threatened suicide if she were prevented from marrying him. Inwardly she wished the break would come, and she even wanted to make the separation easier for him by the disfigurement. But she was not consciously aware of this. It was a great conflict with no way of escape, for the above-mentioned experience formed a close bond between them.

She was, however, fortunate in her misfortune, in that the musician proved to be a man of considerable character, who really loved her and would have married her even if she had not been wealthy. She was shortly to experience the proof of this. He was successful, made a name for himself, and soon became quite a good match. In the meanwhile her neurosis was cured, the insomnia disappeared rapidly, and with that the eruption which had caused her so much distress improved. It was a test, too, for her lover. Will he love me still when my beautiful face is spoilt? She received a clear answer to this question. Will he still love me when I am poor? Even to this question fate

gave her an unequivocal answer. Her father lost all his money, and her fiancé remained true to her in spite of her loss. Ugliness soon became unnecessary and the eruption was cured surprisingly quickly after the marriage.

It takes the psychiatrist a long time to discover in every patient the "Will to Illness," and what the patient desires to gain by the illness. Every neurosis has a definite purpose and gives a return in pleasure which could be defined simply as "enjoyment of suffering" and "advantage accruing from suffering." Even intentional ugliness gives pleasure to the possessor, and may also be a sort of self-punishment for sins of thought. But the elaboration of these ideas would lead us too far afield. There is a kind of ugliness that finds expression in facial distortions, twitchings and grimaces—I refer to the various kinds of nervous tic. Many beautiful faces are greatly changed during the twitchings, the tongue is protruded, the nose twisted, the eyes rolled, and the mouth drawn awry. In a certain sense, it is an intentional ugliness. It is not easy to get at the motive for these disfigurements, but I have not met with a single case in which this intentional ugliness was not active (with other factors) in producing the morbid picture of ugliness. Many

neurotics, especially women, adopt a pose in illness which makes them grotesquely ugly. They contract the nose, draw up the lip, their voice is weak and whining, and they get woefully thin through not eating, and eventually a beautiful woman becomes an ugly one. Red noses, rough hands, and inflamed eyelids belong to this category. It is astonishing to see how with recovery beauty returns; how it shows at first shyly and fleetingly; then it ventures slowly to the light, until at last the "Will to Beauty" overcomes the "Will to Ugliness."

Spiritual ugliness, too, can be intentional. Much that is cruel and repulsive in a character is only a pose, a veneer covering something gentle and pleasant. "*Hässlich*" (ugly) is not derived from "*hassen*" (to hate) without cause. He who loves, and loves happily, always desires to be beautiful, whereas hatred of oneself and of others makes people ugly. Where hate enters, the temple of beauty sinks in ruins. Love and beauty go hand-in-hand together, as do hate and ugliness.

That is why the world is ugly at present. It will only become beautiful when the religion of love makes all men brothers. Then many a hatred will collapse, and ugliness will change to beauty, for there is much unreal ugliness in

the world at present. Neuroses are reactions against the compulsion of external circumstances; a world of truth and self-knowledge really ought not to contain neuroses and the intentional ugliness produced thereby. Unhappy people express their unhappiness in ugliness. We want more happiness, and this would render superfluous all the circuitous ways of suffering which are expressed as neuroses in individuals, and as social maladies in society. We stand in need of a courageous race which will face itself and acknowledge in itself the beautiful and the ugly, the human and the divine, the god and the animal. That only can be conquered which we have recognised. Self-knowledge is the key to wisdom, happiness, and beauty.

CHAPTER XII

THE WORLD OF PHANTASY

AGAINST the iron rocks of Reality the impotent will of the neurotic is broken. His whole life is a fight with Reality. The unbridgeable chasm between effort and achievement forces him into the realm of dreams, where space and time, past and future, are merged into a formless unity. The power of the dream-world grows greater and greater until finally it remains victor over Reality. No realities are tolerated in that kingdom. It autocratically annuls facts which do not harmonize sufficiently with its demands.

I will illustrate this tendency to annul facts on the part of the neurotic by an example. One of my patients had carried about a tattered, dirty, crumpled scrap of paper for four years, (carefully changing it from one garment to another), and would never be parted from it. What were the contents of this mysterious note which he never wished to read, but which he

always took with him, "quite mechanically," as he expressed it? It was the draft of a letter which he had written to a lady. I asked if this letter had any special significance for him. He denied this, and pretended that he did not know why he carried it about with him all day and every day.

At last, further deception having become impossible, he acted a part to himself no more, but recognized the source of his sufferings. This letter was written to a girl on her wedding-day. It contained congratulations and also retrospections, renunciation and even complaint. He had loved this girl deeply but had not had the will-power to secure her attachment to himself. He could not, and would not, speak the decisive word, but hoped the girl would wait for him—understanding the silent speech of his love and courtship. With the loss of this girl the buoyant happiness of his youth collapsed. As the world could no longer yield him anything, he sank back into a second world, the world of dreams. He had lost the first through his own fault, through his cowardly hesitation, his hopeless indecision, and his exaggerated consideration for his family. Lost it for ever.

For ever? Yes, but only in reality. In phantasy the girl was still free and the letter of

farewell had not been despatched. He carried it about with him everywhere. He had annulled the fact of her marriage, and it had no existence in his phantasy. It was the opposite to that process which Freud calls "displacement." The one who displaces does not know consciously what he remembers perfectly in the unconscious. For example: a girl had forgotten an unpleasant and painful occurrence (an assault by a teacher) as completely as though she had never experienced it. But she experienced the incident in her dreams, in the hypnotic state, and in hysterical attacks, with the same feeling of great anxiety. Her unconscious knew what her conscious mind did not want to know.

The case of our patient was different. He had lost his bride in consciousness. But in the unconscious the fact of her marriage was annulled.

But what was the use of the letter? It was the small remnant of Reality which the neurotic used, to weave the purple mantle of his phantasy. Again and again in fresh symptoms we meet with this remnant, this miserable bit of Reality, this wretched poverty of the destitute, out of which phantasy is able to create a vast realm.

The next case indicates still more clearly the

creative power of phantasy, to which the French investigator Ribot has devoted a whole work. A pair of lovers, who did not wish their love to be known, decided to endeavour to deceive those surrounding them by the invention of a third party. The mother had long suspected the lover, who had good reasons for concealing his love for a while longer. The young widow concerned, who was living with her mother, a morbidly jealous lady, told her she had made the acquaintance of a First-lieutenant and engineer called Meyer. She then began to receive letters and picture postcards from " Mr. Meyer " ; her lover, disguising his voice and calling himself " Mr. Meyer," called her up on the telephone. She met and made appointments with " Mr. Meyer," so that the mother at last became jealous of this Mr. Meyer and no longer suspected the real lover.

Then a remarkable thing happened. One day the proud inventor of the " Meyer " scheme became aware of the fact that he was jealous of the non-existent Mr Meyer, and sometimes he had to behave and think as if a Meyer really did exist. Something hostile and estranging crept in between him and his beloved. There was one name only, one thought, and one phantasy. They both discovered with terror

that they could not play with ghosts and spirits, for a real Mr Meyer might arise from the imaginary one. He noticed with suspicion and anxiety that she was playing her rôle too naturally and too well—at times he was uncertain whether this "Mr Meyer" were not real, and whether "he" were not making appointments to meet her. In short, the phantasy took life and colour, intruded into his real life; and in recognition of their danger, no other course was open to them but to let "Meyer" drop back into the oblivion of his non-existence.

And now for the third and most remarkable case. A young and intelligent artist once told me a very beautiful and touching love-affair which had occurred in Abazzia. Moonlight, boating, kisses, vows, separation, hostile parents, an aristocratic family, insuperable obstacles—I listened intently, delighted that our sober age still held here and there the possibility of a long-vanished romance. There was no hint that the teller was deceiving me.

A year later he came again. Not a word had been true. It was all a phantasy: he had only seen the lady from a distance! But the choicest part of the story was that he had deceived himself; he believed the story, and

had told it to me in all good faith in his own belief. This love-story dragged on for a whole year in his phantasy. At the end of the year he was in need of a great sorrow for the creative work he was engaged upon, as he had previously been in need of a great love. He decided to write his beloved a letter and ask for her hand. He could not continue to live without her; he must demand a decision; he had languished for a year without seeing her; it had been too much for him; he could not bear the torture any longer!

He posted this letter, but with no address; the envelope was undirected. And then he waited for an answer. In a fortnight's time it had not come—naturally; where could it have come from? Then he sat down and wrote himself a letter in a disguised hand—the refusal from his imaginary loved one. He posted this letter addressed to himself and waited twenty-four hours in painful suspense. At last the letter came (the self-written letter), and plunged him into the depths of grief. He had to read it a hundred times, if perchance he might find a word of comfort in it. In vain. Then he decided to take leave of life, and played the comedy in such earnest that he even put a revolver to his temple. In this mood originated

the work of art which, for the sake of his own liberation, he was forced to write. Then he awoke and knew he had been acting. He was ashamed and felt obliged to tell me the truth that he had deceived first himself and then me.

What was he seeking ? An experience ! He lusted for life, and I once more obtained the confirmation of a truth I had long before affirmed —that neurotics do not fall ill from what they experience, but from what they do not experience. They create for themselves by means of their sufferings—experiences, excitements, cares, sorrow, despair—without which they could not live.

We understand the need of hysterical persons for highly dramatic scenes. Their life flows along in too quiet and equable a manner. So they hurl themselves into the realm of phantasy, and accomplish Reality by means of images originating in their own dream-world. The boundaries between Appearances and Reality are obliterated for them ; they are not lying even when they seem to be very untruthful. Their truth is that of another world which represents the only true world for them.

CHAPTER XIII

WEAK-WILLED PEOPLE

"You may ask me anything you like, only don't make any demands on my will. I have absolutely no will."

With these words a neurotic, who longed for health, introduced himself. The same old tale! The eternal question! Can the doctor implant a new will in the diseased mind? Can he change weak-willed into strong-willed people? Is a weak will born with one, or is it developed?

The patients generally desire that the doctor should hypnotize them and "strengthen their wills." Or he should "suggest a way" when the patient is in the hypnotic state. This shows a faulty understanding on the part of the neurotic. Disease arises from a conflict between two opposing currents. The one expresses itself by insistence on pain, in the remarkable phenomenon which I have described as the "Will for Disease." The other current demands the conquering of disease, and expresses itself

in the "Will for Health." The "Will for Disease" and the "Will for Health" struggle for the mastery of the mind. Hypnotism rushes blindly in upon the scene, without knowing the powerful forces which are at play, or their inner motives. For the "Will for Disease" is influenced by motives and cannot be vanquished till after the discovery of the disease motive.

Indeed, this one fact, which has a special significance for all neurotics, shows us dissociation of the will. The neurotic cannot be a strong-willed man, because his will is divided. He has not one, but several, wills.

Fundamentally, all men really have the same amount of will. The strong-willed man can apply his collective energies, as he has to fight against no counter-will. In the weak-willed men, wills and counter-wills are always fighting against each other.

Let us just illustrate the situation by a living example. A highly talented young man with wide acquirements finds himself in an unpleasant situation. He is engaged to be married, loves his fiancée passionately, and only longs for the moment to approach when she will be united to him for ever. But at present he has no employment. He lives with his parents, and is looking for a situation so that he may at last

be in a position to marry his beloved. The days pass; and he does nothing. He forgets that he has a knowledge of languages, makes no use of his literary talent, nor does he search for work with that zeal which one would expect considering his position. He feels that his will is bound, and does not even exert himself to send in any of his literary productions to a periodical. If he hears or reads about a situation, he goes so slowly and cautiously to work that another is certain to get there before him. And how he criticizes the vacant posts! Here the salary is too small, there the distance too great or the work too wearisome. There is always a counter-motive. Just think of the difficulties of furnishing a home! What special conditions he requires! (It is remarkable that true lovers always overcome these obstacles and find a way out, while the irresolute always entrench themselves behind these difficulties and put off the decision).

If one examines closer, however, one perceives the existence of an active counter-will which is easy enough to explain. He is essentially a child and is still dependent on his family, his parents, his brothers and sisters. He cannot quit the parental roof. It secures to him the happiness of his father's support, and being still

a child, of letting his mother look after him, his sisters tease him, and his brothers quarrel with him. He cannot live in any other atmosphere than that of his parents' house. His counter-will demands all this, while the conscious will urges him to free himself from his relations and to become independent. His love-affair is an attempt to bring about this deliverance. He revels in phantasies which carry him far away. He emigrates with his wife to America. He wants to put the wide seas between himself and his family. Or he imagines a splendid home, in which he will allow no member of his family to visit him. Then the counter-will comes into action once more and begins to depreciate his bride, finding faults in her. The polygamic instincts try their dangerous game. Shall he bind himself to one and renounce all others? So his inclinations sway him backwards and forwards, and the result is—a weak-willed man.

That was a weakness of the will which arose from a particular set of circumstances. But there is at the present time a form of education which is clearly seen to be productive of weakness of will. There are parents who do not know that the cultivation of the will, of a distinct personality, of independence in every

respect, represents the most important task of pedagogy. They always enforce *their* will on the child. They try to break down his defiance and to dictate every path in his life. Now there are children whose defiance is almost unbreakable, who assert their wills and rule the whole household by their cunning and illnesses. Defiant children are really an artificial product of education, and develop into small house-tyrants. The mistaken idea that a child may be pampered for the first twelve months, that one must give way to him, that education must not be thought of, or severity used, till the child goes to school, brings bad consequences. The hopelessly-spoilt child, who is accustomed to have his way in everything, then sees himself for once defenceless against a severity which he does not understand. He seizes on illness and naughtiness as weapons to show his defiance, revenge, and open rebellion by his actions. Should this defiance be overcome, broken, and forced by violence, the will of the child may be broken also. Children must be trained by, and through, love, but must always feel that they are not the masters.

Many parents look forward to their children fulfilling their own hopes, ideals, and aims. They look upon their child as one who will

successfully carry out their own desires. The children, therefore, are then only doing right when they do everything that the parents wish.

Such children lose the power of listening to their own will, and later lose the power to make any decision. They always need another to find things for them, show them what to do, and decide for them. They are incapable of deciding for themselves. They have become accustomed to their parents' commands. It is the feeling of guilt which brings them to this subservience to others. Misunderstood religion with its early implanted conception of sin, contributes greatly to producing weak-willed men. The harsher the tyranny of the parents, the more difficult it is to bear, and the consequence of this intolerable oppression is the wish to do away with the oppressors.

One more example. A son, who was greatly tyrannized over by his father, occasionally had the thought: "If my father dies I will be a free man and will be able to dispose of the money to my heart's content." The father died. But the son lived in exactly the same way as when his father was living. Belated remorse produced the phenomenon of belated obedience.

Strength of will is not always real strength,

nor weakness of will, weakness. Many a weak-willed man has made gigantic efforts to suppress his will, and has so misused his will as to have none at all. It is often much harder not to will than to will. And the so-called "iron-will" is often only a mask of strength cleverly assumed by weakness. The secret of success is to will what one is able to do, and to be able to do what one wills. The greatest aim in life is to know one's will, to assert it against the counter-wills of the world around, to make it malleable in the fire of passions, to temper it by the cooling effect of knowledge, so as to use it once more as a weapon—in fact, to be a warrior of life.

Self-knowledge is the path that the weak-willed must take to find the kingdom of sound wills. The tracing of the origin of their suffering is the first step towards recovery. In all weak-willed persons it will be found that they have not yet inwardly renounced their secret aims. They must first understand what they dare not will, in order to be able to will that which they may, and must.

CHAPTER XIV

THE DRAWBACKS TO HYPNOTISM

We learn more from a glance at one of the well-dressed shop-windows by which the bookseller attracts the custom of the public, than by a prolonged course of study about the needs and weaknesses of mankind. Tell me what books are bought, and I will tell you what's wrong with the people who buy them! And close by the usual books on health and long life, will always be found others showing how to renew failing energy and how to change a weak will into a strong one. In fact, weakness of will is the special complaint of the present day. It has taken us a long time to find out that neurosis also is only a disease of the will. Neurotics are people who have no will-power. Their feeling of inferiority arises from this source. They go to the doctor and wail about their weakness of will, which sometimes can reach

a positively ridiculous pitch. There are neurotics who are not able to take any form of initiative at all, because they cannot arouse the necessary will-power to do so. This unfortunate affliction we doctors call "aboulia." The following is an example: A young woman, twenty-four years old, suffering from aboulia, is not able to get up in the morning because she cannot muster the small amount of will-power necessary to wash and dress herself; while in the evening it takes her hours and hours to go to bed again. It is quite a little tragedy when she has to make an important decision on something out of the ordinary, and translate it into action. Her family decides to take her to a nerve-specialist. She quite agrees—but she lets day after day pass, and is not able to rouse herself to take a step which to normal people seems so easy and so obvious. Let us inquire into the cause of this frightful weakness of will presented by her. She had been sent to a sanatorium on account of some trifling nervous complaint. Now this nervous complaint was the result of an unhappy choice of a husband. In the sanatorium she became acquainted with a man to whom she gave her heart. He begged her to leave her husband and children and to follow him, but she could

not muster enough strength of will to do this; so she sacrificed her personal happiness for the happiness of her children, whom she did not wish to rob of either mother or father, and thus she imagined she had won the victory over herself in this conflict. She came home from the sanatorium apparently recovered, but after a few months the aboulia began slowly to steal upon her, and at last quite conquered her and made her absolutely useless in all the tasks of life, great or small.

In opposition to this weakness of will, her counter-will showed an extraordinary strength. For this was necessary in order that she might be able to withstand the temptation which allured her. Her will was divided into two striving impulses in her. One urged her towards freedom, to the fulfilment of restrained passions with its promise of hitherto unknown bliss, and the other harped continually on the monotonous theme of the duties of wife and mother.

We can describe the neurotic as one who is under the sway of several wills—impulse and inhibition being engaged in so bitter a conflict within him that he has not the necessary energy for the battle of life. In the main, all men have the same amount of energy. The reason why one appears energetic and the other weak-willed

is because the one has gathered all his energies together and applied them to deeds, while the other must always waste them in the conflict within himself. If we think of our energies as an army of soldiers, then we can say that the neurotic has to fight against internal enemies and that he must protect himself against dangerous "neutrals"; whereas the healthy man can dispose all his soldiers solely with a view to external attack. The distracting present-day conditions are the cause of there being so many distracted people, who through the alternations of their will and counter-will, are now up, now down, on the see-saw of desire.

Probably every nerve-specialist has had weak-willed individuals come to him desiring a "new will." Most of them desire to obtain this will by means of hypnotism. The doctor is to force his will on them in order that they may collect their energies sufficiently to enable them to proceed to their goal. The over-estimation of hypnotism obtains so widely in lay-circles, that there are everywhere professional hypnotists who, though without the slightest medical knowledge or understanding of nervous complaints, presume to invade the complex mechanism of another person's will, and imagine that they can compel people to change at the word of

command. Do not misunderstand me. I do not deny that one may obtain results by hypnotism. But they are never lasting results, and a terrible reaction often follows the short-lived hallucination of apparent cure. Here and there a neurotic may become cured through hypnotism, if he really has the will to recover. But, in that case, a water-cure, or herb-tea, a pilgrimage, a magnetizer or a sympathetic doctor might have cured him just as well. He was ready for the cure, and wanted only some reasonable pretext for his recovery. We have often been able to observe this in the War. I saw paralysed men, others who could not speak or whose limbs were shaking, cured after a few hypnotic treatments. But experience showed that at the first possible inducement they fell ill again ; as was the case with those treated by the drastic method of the Faradic Battery, whom the shock and pain of the electricity sent into the field again. Neurotics are unhappy people who are incapable of gaining the victory over themselves in a psychic conflict. Such apparent cures merely put the problem aside for a time. The ideal cure must get rid of the " Will to Illness," and, from a man torn by conflicting desires, produce one at unity with himself.

It is easy to understand that here and there hypnotism will help a man towards recovery by showing him the first steps until he is able to proceed by himself. But alas, only here and there! In these cases, simple persuasion, suggestion, or any other treatment, would answer just as well, if secretly the "Will for Recovery" has already paved the way for the wonderful transformation. But how could hypnotism help the young woman suffering from aboulia? She tries it, she begins to "will," and appears to be all right so long as the inspiration of the hypnotist breathes a new appearance of life into her will. But, if he lets her go, she sinks into herself again; or a change takes place in her symptoms. The weakness of will appears to have departed, but she falls into a very anxious state of mind, or even becomes hysterically paralysed.

Hypnotism is not just the harmless treatment those gentlemen represent, who perform publicly for the amusement of a staring crowd. Hypnotism is a powerful and violent attack upon the mechanism of the soul. The consequences of a powerful interference may not show until long after the circumstances have faded from memory, and there is nothing to connect the new trouble with the idea of a hypnotic treatment.

I will not discuss the nature of hypnotism here, as it is too large a subject. There is much play-acting on the part of the hypnotists, and still more on the part of the hypnotized. Patients who have slept soundly under hypnotic influence have affirmed that they were only "sleepy" and were quite conscious of everything that went on around them while in the hypnotic state. Every hypnotist has something of the magician in him, and imagines that he can produce wonderful and supernatural effects by his will. But the only wonder is what patience is able to accomplish by natural methods! I was never so presumptuous as to believe that a woman suffering from weakness of will was permanently cured by any hypnotic passes of mine, or by my word of command. The experience of the War showed us, again and again, that one can cure neurotics by going through all sorts of possible and even "impossible" processes. The dumb, by some sort of harmless injection prepared with elaborate show, were cured in one sitting; the lame learnt to move their limbs through being given an anæsthetic, and a pretended operation being performed when under its influence; men with frightful trembling attacks became quite quiet if any sort of imposing apparatus was brought before them as an "unfailing means of cure"

together with such preparations as seemed to answer all expectations. Hypnotism also has effected many transitory cures of injured soldiers. In spite of this, I must raise a warning voice against the indiscriminate employment of this means of cure. I know travellers, engineers, masseurs, students, who like to pose among their acquaintances as hypnotists, and boast they can cure every nervous malady. What mischief they may produce under certain circumstances, the nerve-specialist discovers later. On no account should one let oneself be hypnotized "for fun" or to try what it is like.

The hypnotist attains complete control over his victim after a few hypnotic sittings; if this control is not misused, it is employed for the welfare of the person hypnotized, and in that case the relation between slave and tyrant may be permissible. But is such a relationship a suitable education for strength of will?

A recent copy of the *Neurologisches Zentralblatt* had a very instructive discussion on hypnotism —carried on by correspondence. Dr Oskar Kohnstamm, a very renowned German nerve-specialist, treated a patient in his sanatorium for certain nervous complaints, by hypnotism; and while under hypnotic influence she was questioned about events which had caused the

suffering and had apparently long since been forgotten ("repressed"). (This hypnotic method was originally applied by Freud but afterwards given up by him, because it was soon perceived that the task before the doctor was an education in truth. The patient must learn to recognize clearly his secret thoughts and to have the courage to admit them openly). Von Kohnstamm's patient fell ill at home, and wrote a despairing letter to her hypnotist. She suffered with frightful headaches and became quite helpless. Dr Kohnstamm replied: "Dear Fraulein X., I have just received your letter and hasten to answer it. You will, in the evening after receiving this letter, go to bed at 9 o'clock and sleep soundly and dreamlessly till 6 o'clock in the morning. You will then recognize the cause of your trouble and be cured at once. During the day of your recovery you will report to me in detail what has taken place. You will then tear my letter to pieces and forget its contents. Dr. K."

Punctually, as ordered by the hypnotist, the patient fell asleep, reported to the doctor some harmless incident which took place many years before, and her headaches ceased.

Does not that border on witchcraft? But is this dependence upon the hypnotist a condition

of cured weakness of will? Is it absolutely necessary to employ the hocus-pocus of hypnotism-by-correspondence in order to obtain such a result?

Yet how is the occurrence to be explained? Only that the lady was longing for a letter from her hypnotist. For the Freud School asserts (not without some justification) that the hypnotized person immediately falls in love with the hypnotist. Love is the "Will for Submission," so that the formula for the hypnosis might well be written: "Now you can do what you like with me."—And is it not possible that this lady suffered from headache because she thought too much of her Dr K., although she would not admit that such an idea could enter her secret thoughts? So the miracle of the letter was capable of a very natural solution. The doctor thinks of you, he answers you immediately, he holds his protecting hand over you, he takes an interest in you, you are not forgotten.—Give him the pleasure of proving how great his power is—what he can do for you even from a distance!

What doctor could not bring forward countless similar cases of wonderful cures, without being compelled to lay claim to distant hypnotic powers? There are always people who crave to be under the authority of others, and who can

be happy only at the command of another. But to be healthy is to be dependent on oneself. Hypnotism puts the diseased will only temporarily aside. The weak will hides itself behind another's will, only to reappear when the ruler has finished playing his part. Therefore I say to all sick persons who crave after hypnotism: "You must obtain recovery through your own understanding when you are awake, and not through the agency of another's will while you are asleep. Extricate yourself from the delusive world of dreams, and seek a real life in the fulfilment of duty. Create new possibilities of enjoyment and happiness by making your own the infinite world of art, of thought, of joy in nature. Do not continually talk about your sufferings. Be quiet."

CHAPTER XV

THE GREAT HISTORIC MISSION

FAITH in his own greatness is rooted deep in every man's breast. In youth, it lifts his thoughts above the age in which he lives, and points to high ideals. But gradually the exuberance of youth sobers down, when he must resignedly adapt himself to the prosaic facts of real life.

The neurotic exhibits all human endeavours in a tremendously exaggerated form—either so distorted as to be a caricature, or minimized to a ridiculous extent. His ambition is boundless. Fundamentally every neurosis is a case of unsatisfied ambition. What outlet does this ambition find? Half-confessions do not really hide the true facts of the case. Neurotics all have faith in "their great historic mission." They rebel against playing such a mediocre part as a mere pilgrimage on earth. They wrestle with divinity, will be gods themselves, arrogate to themselves supernatural powers, want to

lead, destroy, build up, transform the world; would be commanders-in-chief, geniuses, prophets, inventors or multi-millionaires—anything except to be submerged in the commonplace of everyday life. They crave to be distinguished from the crowd. They go about with the proud air of those who seek their laurels amid the stars, despising the earthly, undervaluing the ordinary aims of mortals, urged by the desire to confer immortality on their own name.

This faith in the "great historic mission" (Jesus, Napoleon, Goethe, etc.) would lead to madness if it were not counterbalanced by an opposite feeling—that of inferiority. The neurotic feels himself inferior to the lowest of men: everyone else is stronger, more determined, more beautiful, more clever. He constantly compares himself with his surroundings. The feeling of inferiority magnifies the importance of the surroundings and minimizes the Ego.

These two forces pull the susceptible mind of the neurotic in different directions. At one time he is full of a sense of greatness, at another time of insignificance; now God-inspired, now possessed of the devil; intoxicated by megalomania, then again humiliated by the depression that results from a feeling of inferiority. According to the distribution of both these influences—

"megalomania" and the "feeling of inferiority,"—so is the character formed and the personality revealed. One or other of these traits is always hidden from the world and—how frequently—even from the man himself.

As the realization of his ambitious plans finds no place in the actual world, the neurotic lives in a world of fantasy ; and in this second world which he builds, he is supreme ruler, leader, and a magician who can work wonders of transformation. The deeper he has become entangled in the realm of fantasy, the more incapable he is of adapting himself to dry reality.

Goethe recognized this fact when he created his Faust—a man of mighty intellect who ascribes supernatural powers to himself and assigns himself to the Evil One in order to extend the boundaries of humanity, and who believes in his great historic mission. In vain Mephistopheles seeks to divert him from his aim by earthly passions ; love is only one episode in his crowded life. More clearly still is the visionary nature of the Northerner represented in the *Peer Gynt* of Ibsen. Peer Gynt is the typical neurotic who believes in his great historic mission. He wants to be emperor, poet, explorer ; he dreams of changing the Sahara into a sea. He flees from the dangers

of genuine love which, although offering him home and rest, would put an end to his dreams of earthly greatness. Solveig remains the "unattained" pure ideal, so necessary to the visionary in order not to destroy love by its possession. Ibsen had already hinted at this idea in his first satire of the times, *The Comedy of Love*, which aroused a storm of indignation in Norway and forced him to leave his native country (*Peer Gynt* was written in Rome far from his native land). But if one takes *Peer Gynt* as a poet's dream, a frank avowal, an abreaction of overpowering passions—just as *Der Traume in Leben* was for Grillparzer,* then the inner meaning of the drama is disclosed. Ibsen was the son of a rich father who squandered his fortune and left his family in poverty, as is depicted in the antecedents of *Peer Gynt*. Both had to flee from the anger of their compatriots. But the poem reads like a wonderful prophecy of the poet, suffering from homesickness and in a foreign land. Solveig is the symbol for Norway, for his home. Even far away her song is always ringing in his ears. No man is a prophet in his own country. In the South, the poet (Peer Gynt) becomes a prophet ;

*Compare the analysis of *Der Traum ein Leben* in my little book *Dichtung und Neurose* (*Poetry and Neurosis*).

in the South and in a foreign country he is rewarded and finds recognition, so that, when tired and repentant he returns to his native land, she receives him like a patient mother who has waited long for her son, in a kind, loving, and forgiving spirit. Therefore in the last scene the beloved Solveig becomes the mother. "The boy has been sitting on his mother's lap. They two have been playing all the live-day long. the boy has been resting at his mother's breast all the live-day long. God's blessing on my joy. The boy has been lying close into my heart all the live-day long. He is weary now."

In this way only can we understand how the Beloved suddenly becomes the Mother. Norway was his native land, his love ; the scenes of all his plays are laid in the homeland ; all his desires were concentrated on becoming famous in his native land, and gaining the love of his compatriots.

One might be tempted to prove the complete fulfilment of the poet's wishes in his hero, Peer Gynt. I will mention just one more detail—the scene before the Sphinx. Later on he loved to put riddles to his readers and to figure as the "Northern Sphinx."

The longing after "the great historic mission" is gloriously fulfilled in the poet Ibsen. The

dream of Peer Gynt is fulfilled. His Fatherland received him, the repentant child, with open arms, and assigned him the first place in her heart. Among a million Peer Gynts, one only has his dream fulfilled. Most of them come into the Button-Moulder's casting ladle to be remoulded.

I have expressed this in *Poetry and Neurosis* as follows: "In order that a creating, destroying, building-up genius may arise, a thousand useless sacrifices must be made, and countless neurotics cast aside, before the perfect masterpiece appears" . . .

CHAPTER XVI

ON THE CHOICE OF A VOCATION

If we investigate the motives of different people for the choice of their vocations, we find, to our surprise, that most people come by their occupations by what appears to be chance. If, however, we have the opportunity of analysing those who have chosen their work according to their own inclination, we shall always be able to trace a connection between their choice of vocation and eroticism.

Those people, also, who have come to their business by chance will generally be found to have a second occupation, or a "hobby," which represents the occupation of their real choice.

It is the misfortune of our time that it becomes more and more rare to experience true enjoyment in one's own vocation. A vocation is that work to which we feel that we are called, and only this work will give us joy and occupy all our interest.

The part which eroticism plays in the choice of one's vocation is only a small part of the important rôle which it plays in life. It may be compared with a tree, of which the roots penetrate deep into the material and instinctive life, but of which the topmost branches strive to reach heaven. Every cell of this tree is permeated by the sap rising from the roots towards the crown—from the earth to the heights. Every human being is such a tree—for ever linked with that which is earthly and instinctive.

It is a long-established fact that every art is eroticism remoulded into a different form. The artist creates his works as he creates his children, and some part of his eroticism is lost for life. Richard Wagner realized this, and expresses it thus: Art begins just where life ends; and, when there is nothing left in life, then we cry out our desire through Art. The suffering artist frees himself through his Art from a too powerful sexuality.

All the strength Wagner gave to his Tristan was so much loss to Mathilde Wesendonk. He could free himself through his Tristan as Goethe freed himself through his Werther from the thraldom of love to attain the freedom of a creator.

Philosophers drink from the same spring. Freud has asserted, in his interesting study of Leonardo da Vinci, that every urge for investigation may be traced back to the primitive urge in the child to solve the riddle of the origin of children.

It is certainly the case that, in the most complicated philosophic systems, a hidden erotic nucleus can be traced as the centre of the whole system. Everyone has certain definite inclinations for which he can hardly account. The æsthetic interests, for example, show an immense variety of individual tastes. One person will be interested in the eyes ; another in the hands ; a third in a small foot ; a fourth particularly observes the nose ; a fifth the figure ; a sixth the manner of walking ; and so on. Experience shows that the ideal of beauty is fixed in relation to a particular erogenous zone. We find those parts of the human body attractive to us, which in ourselves possess the greatest sensitiveness. The " fetishism " of the normal man (" part-attraction ") has its origin in this, and no one is entirely free from it. This " part-attraction " conditions the individual taste in love matters.

The force of this attraction is involuntarily expressed in the vocation chosen. A " foot-fetishist," who goes into raptures when he sees

a nicely shoed little foot, as did Retif de la Bretonne, will be driven to take up an occupation in which he has to do with feet. He may become a shoemaker, a chiropodist, or an orthopædist. Similarly a "hand-fetishist" will choose manicure before anything else. One who is a painter may be induced, by his interest in hands, to draw hands only. Another individual will make use of his interest by making a special study of reading the character from the hands. A third might occupy himself with the physiological function of the hand. A fourth might become a glove-maker. One of the latter once confessed to me that to see a beautiful hand affords him immense pleasure, only surpassed by the ecstasy of being permitted to kiss it! A poet will sing the praises of hands in his verse and will dedicate his drama to the beautiful hands of a lady—as did Gabriele d'Annunzio, who dedicated his *Gioconda* to the Beautiful Hands of Eleanore Duse.

There are those whose sensual interest is centred on the hair. Hairdressers who are especially clever in elaborating artistic coiffures and who gain a reputation in their profession often show an erotic interest in the hair. I knew a hairdresser who, while dressing very beautiful

hair, would have a tingling sensation in his fingers which sometimes increased to a great feeling of excitement.

The erotic interest is also found to be a decisive factor among doctors in the choice of the particular branch of the profession they take up—unless chance has been the only reason. One who admires beautiful noses becomes a nasal specialist ; a passionate lover of women becomes a gynæcologist, and sublimates his Sadistic impulses into the life-saving purposes of a woman's surgeon ; the "ear-fetishist" will choose the ear for his speciality—and all this, of course, quite unconsciously and without being able to account to himself for this eager interest (or even wanting to do so).

That the surgeon has transformed his weakness into his special strength proves once more the words of Hebbel : "Our virtues are the bastards of our vices."

The analysis of a person's mind often provides the explanation of the choice of vocation. I was told by an X-Ray specialist that, even before the discovery of the Röntgen rays, he had occupied himself with the idea of being able to penetrate into the inner parts of the body and to transilluminate people who were unknown to him by some psychic means. "I knew the

X-Rays of the soul before I knew those of the Röntgen apparatus."

More could be said on this theme but it would hardly be suitable for the general reader. In all these investigations we realize how tremendous is the power of Eros—named so flatteringly by Sophocles "the vanquisher of all in strife." He it is who decides our existence—who marks out our ways and our forms; and he is always found where we least suspect him. He assumes a thousand forms; and, if we flee from him, then he is nearer to us than when we seek him.

CHAPTER XVII

SECRETS OF THE SOUL

MAN is ever engaged in a restless pursuit of happiness. It floats, a seductive and alluring vision, before him. He thinks to seize and hold it fast, but it has already vanished. It appears again unexpectedly in his dreams, and seems to bring him the fulfilment of his secret desires. Ah, but if the desire is fulfilled by reality, it loses its magic power of bestowing happiness. Possession depreciates the value of the object possessed; the unattainable appears to be all that is worth striving for.

But happiness requires the companionship of another—one who understands us, who can satisfy our thirst for Love and Friendship, one who can be to us teacher, guide, and counsellor, and whom we can teach, guide, and counsel. Every one longs for some fellow-human who can lead him to the summits which he cannot scale alone. The necessity for sympathy, for self-expression, for a vessel into which we can pour all our joys and sorrows, grows with the years.

Many people become ill because they have never found this essential complement of their own Egos. They shun the world in despair, bewail their lot, become embittered, quarrel with themselves and their environment, and stand morosely aside from the surging stream of life. All neurotics are people with unsatisfied desires and a depressing incapacity to meet the claims of their ambition. Some withdraw themselves entirely from the world and remain immersed in a curious dream existence that unfits them for real life.

They appear to be quite "ego-centralized," turned completely inwards, retired within themselves—as if they had literally drawn back into their own skins. This condition can reach such a pitch that they are of no value to the world whatever, and have lost the path to reality. There is then no Ariadne-thread of knowledge to guide them out of the "Labyrinth of the Heart" back into the outer world again. This condition, so aptly described as "Introversion" by the Swiss psychiatrist Jung, is a symptom of mental disorder, of psychosis. Insanity is the destruction of the bridge leading to the outer-world, a voluntary isolation.

Yet there is another way. One can retire within oneself and reappear doubly fortified

and imbued with new powers to fight life's battles. For the soul possesses marvellous forces, mostly lying fallow and only awaiting the magic word to transform them into deeds. Everyone carries within himself a spring of eternal youth, from which he may rise rejuvenated for fresh joys and sorrows. All the great masters have, after all, learned but one art—that of Ego-centricity. All celebrated philosophers, all prophets, all poets draw their inspiration from the unfathomable well of the soul, and it is they who teach us to lower our pitchers deep, that we may draw them forth filled with priceless treasures.

In that masterly book, *Problems of Mysticism and of Symbolism* (trans., Kegan Paul & Co.), Herbert Silberer has shown that the noble art of gold-hunting, alchemy, is actually a seeking after the gold of knowledge, and that the true alchemist casts his own Ego into the crucible of the soul so that the dross may be eliminated, in order that he may be purified and be recast as pure gold. He who is self-dissatisfied can change himself into a new being. He has but to let himself be submerged in his own identity, to know himself, conquer himself, struggle with his defects, fortify his good qualities, render his vices impotent, and reinforce his virtues. But

he must not run away from his own Ego, he must know himself, he must concentrate inwardly—but without losing touch with the return path to real life.

Yet what do we see when we observe Life? We see humanity spending its life in flight from its own Ego. Our whole lives are wasted in distractions and aimless wanderings, instead of in the pursuit of knowledge and in the husbanding of our internal forces. The modern man of culture in his race for intellectual superiority has no time left to devote to himself, has no time for the consideration of his Ego, his goal, his disappointments and his defeats, his hopes and his conquests. For the modern man has lost the realization of his need for solitude. A dread of loneliness, in the case of neurotics, reaches such a ridiculous stage that it presents a caricature of this social phenomenon. We have the lady who, to prevent a severe hysterical attack, must be surrounded by at least four friends or relatives; and we have the man who so arranges his working week that every evening is spent in a different club, and of course his Sundays in the company of many people. . . . Thus, for fear of solitude, even the most indifferent and uncongenial people are drawn together—anything rather than being alone!

The only motive for this sociability of complete strangers is the intolerableness of boredom.

The ego-centralized man can at most be bored by others—never by himself. He has always questions to ask and to answer, problems to solve; he visits the temple of his memories and experiences, he weighs and considers, he goes into his accounts, he criticizes, he defends, he sorts and eliminates, he destroys waste material and lays the foundations of new enterprises. If (according to Ibsen) to be a poet means "to hold judgment on one's own Ego" then the introverted man could always be a poet. For life becomes a work of art to him who seeks to make of it so, who endeavours to cultivate his talents, to realize his richest possibilities, and fill his life with work and beauty. But even the realization of faults, of sins, of the evil egoistic thoughts of envy, wishes for death to others, of lusts, are intrinsic to the nature of introversion. All that is left of primitive man is dissolved in the crucible of the soul to be remoulded as

> "Part of that Power, not understood,
> Which always wills the Bad and always works the Good."

All philanthropists are dreaming now of the rebirth of humanity after the War. The monstrous wave of hate is to be followed by the

high tide of love. We speak of disarmament, of arbitration and lasting peace. Is such rebirth a social possibility unless it first takes place in the individual? Would this cruellest of wars have been possible had not the abyss of hate and jealousy and blood-thirstiness which exists in the hearts of all, been hidden beneath a hypocritical culture?

This War Psychosis, the development of which we have all experienced with such horror, and which has affected the noblest minds as well as the petty ones, can be regarded only as an elemental outbreak of suppressed forces. The rebirth of humanity can be brought about only by the rebirth of its units. Each of us must look back upon every phase of the War, examining himself and seeking to realize exactly how he came to be carried along in the general current —in fact, how he came to form part of the current itself.

Only through sorrow can be generated the forces which can transform life and emotion. And now that we have drunk the cup of sorrow to its dregs, now that we have experienced all the glory and the nausea of war, all its bewildering, fascinating, devastating, anti-social, criminal, cruel and degrading elements—now we are ripe for a new age and a new conception of Life.

All our thoughts and feelings must now be thrown into the crucible of the soul, and recast.

There is the old button-founder in *Peer Gynt* who re-moulds malformed creatures in his melting-spoon. This button-founder is Knowledge, and everyone who feels that the buttons of his old jacket have become unsuitable should have them remodelled. We recognize in the old button-remodeller the symbol of death and of life. For the Old Adam must always die before the new one can rise from the ashes.

"Symbols"—as Silberer explains, "present to everyone that signification which is true to him. And to each they speak differently, and are inexhaustible. Each man seeks first his *own* ideal in the Unknown. What matters is not what ideal he seeks, but that he *is* seeking it. The quest, and not the object of the quest, is the foundation of development." In the eternal struggle for enlightenment and purification, in the striving after a new individuality, the miracle of rebirth is revealed. Only he is lost who has relinquished the struggle. Only he is incurable who will not cure himself. There is no sorrow of the soul that cannot be dissolved in the crucible of the soul.

CHAPTER XVIII

PAST AND PRESENT

"You really ought to tell us the fairy-tale of the 'Princess and her Treasure Chamber of Love,'" said the young wife, pressing close to her husband, the Poet.

The Doctor and the Painter also begged for it. But the Doctor's wife said: "I don't want a fairy-tale; tell us something real."

The Poet smiled: "If only we knew what are fairy-tales and what are realities! Every fairy-tale hides a truth. I'll treat mine as a symbolical presentation of a problem I'm much occupied with just now. I'm writing a drama in which the hero is unable to get over the past of his Beloved; and it has become clear to me that one loves a person only when one has first loved his faults and accepted his past. And if we can go so far as to love this past, then we have passed Love's greatest test."

The young wife pouted: "That's not a fairy-tale; it's only one of your everlasting philosophical lectures, which bore me so. I'm for simplicity, or for . . ."

"The fairy-tale," said the Painter. "Well then, for Heaven's sake, let us get on with our fairy-tale! Now, listen! Once upon a time there was a Princess, who was married to a Prince. He was so madly in love with her that he was jealous of everybody, and even of her past. Princesses, we are told, generally have a Treasure Chamber of the Past, and our Princess possessed hers. She often paid a secret visit to it, and sometimes the Prince surprised her just as she was coming away from it, with glowing cheeks and shining eyes. He had the impression that her eyes were brighter than when he pressed her lovingly to his heart. As this past of hers caused him suffering, he forbade her to visit the chamber any more. So, before his eyes, the Princess locked the door of the little room with a golden key, and threw the Key of the Past into the Sea of Forgetfulness.

"But from this day forward the Princess became very sad. Her glowing red cheeks became pale, her clear, silvery laugh was silent, and, for some reason, unknown even to herself, the tears ran down her white cheeks. But neither the Princess nor the Prince realized that it was the forbidding of access to the Chamber of the Past that caused her to suffer so severely.

"When, finally, the Princess ceased to feel any pleasure in the kisses of her Beloved, he sent for all the most celebrated physicians to come to his court. One of these physicians advised the Prince and the Princess to journey to the court of a King called 'The Court of Love.' For not only had the royal couple loved each other for many years as on the first day, but the whole Court also knew only happy love. There, too, was to be found an altar dedicated to the Goddess of the Past.

"As our unhappy couple drew near the Court, they were met by the King so blessed by love. He received the Prince and listened to his story, and when it came to the part about the locking up of the Chamber of the Past, his eyes lit up, and he said: 'Now, listen to me! That is the cause of your unhappiness! Let me advise you. I, too, was once jealous of my wife's Treasure Chamber. But I loved her so dearly that I saw with her eyes, felt with her hands, and understood with her heart. I always went with her into her Treasure Chamber of Remembrance, and her Treasures became mine, too. I also took her into my Chamber and we agreed to unite our Treasure Chambers. So now, you see, we go into this Chamber on Life's holidays, and at every visit we become wonderfully

strengthened and rejuvenated, and every time we love each other more fervently ; because our memories bind us together more closely instead of separating us, as is the case with so many foolish people. Therefore I have established this law in my Court : Only those people who are willing to unite their Treasure Chambers are allowed to marry. You have thrown the key, the precious golden key, into the sea. Now you must make a pilgrimage to the Dream Fairy so that she may get the key back for you from the Sea of Forgetfulness. . . .'

" Here ends my fairy-tale. But I will add, however, that they got the key and the Princess was completely cured. Her love for the Prince and for the present came back and . . ."

" And if they do not die they will live happily ever after," said the Doctor. " I suppose there will always be people who cannot get over their past. One refuses to see it, and throws away the Golden Key—only, unlike the Princess, without being commanded to do so. Another continually dwells on his past and cannot get away from it. He becomes so absorbed in it that he forgets the present, and does not prepare for the future."

The Doctor's wife interrupted him : " You are one-sided ! Should we not love our past ?

And should not the beautiful memories accompany us through life as indestructible treasures?"

"Certainly," said the Doctor. "But it amounts to this—We must not allow our past to become of more importance to us than the present. There are three kinds of people: Men of the future, who live always in the future, in castles-in-the-air; men of the past, who dream on in a paradise of their past, or are continually thinking of past misfortunes, complain, and change it in their mind; and . . . men of the present, who live in the duties of the day. These are the really healthy, the creative, the men of action. For to be healthy, we must stand above our past."

"How does that agree with the Poet's fairy-tale? The princess became ill because she was not allowed to see her past."

"Not wishing to see is not the same as overcoming. At some time in our life we must come to an understanding with our past. But that's a different thing from being *continually* occupied with it."

The Painter had been listening very attentively, and now joined in the talk again. "It is certainly a tragedy for a man to be obsessed with his past. And this is true for a nation quite as much as for an individual. Men with

a full present, overcome their past the most easily. It is the only sure way. But it is even more tragic when a man feels his present as if it were the past; when every event, while it is being experienced, seems shadow-like and immaterial. I once had such an experience; happily it was only once. It was when I was in love, and I always had the feeling that it would not last, that it would pass away. As a rule, lovers feel that their present love is eternal. They fight the thought that this glorious feeling is mortal."

"Now I'll finish my fairy-tale," said the Poet. "There lived in the kingdom of which I have spoken a Prince, who tested all the Treasures of the Present by their suitability for the Treasure Chamber of the Past. This . . ."

The company heard a shout from the street: "Latest Edition!" All listened. Now they could hear the words more distinctly: "Great Victory!" There was no holding them back. The "glorious" present conquered, and they waited expectantly for the maid to bring in the latest news. And how soon this news belonged to a woeful past!

CHAPTER XIX

BREVITIES

THOUGHTS are the entr'actes between the emotions.

A GOOD thought is worth more than a bad feuilleton.

IN reading, the true test is to be able to reduce the spiritual content of a book to *one* thought.

A BOOK which creates a definite "atmosphere" tends to suppress thought, and only plays with the emotions. "Atmosphere" is like sheet-lightning; the relieving thought is the forked-lightning. Unfortunately, what is heard is only too often the thunder of empty words.

NEWSPAPERS are the shadows of events.

THE shadow lengthens as the sun sinks lower. Little people then, owing to the illusion of perspective, throw big shadows.

THE War will be responsible for the birth of more mental, than physical, wrecks.

HUMOUR is the weapon of superiority.

BEAUTIFUL women suffer from the obligations which their beauty imposes on them, but "happy women" suffer even more from the obligations which their happiness imposes on them.

HYPOCHONDRIA is the distorting mirror of the inner man.

NERVOUS diseases are the punishments imposed by the inner Judge.

THE neurotic has but one principle: hate thyself as thou hatest thy neighbour.

GOOD health implies the conquest of the past.

THE greatest truths are spoken by people who imagine they are lying.

LIES are the small change of courtesy; truth is the gold of incivility. How often are we forced to exchange our gold for small change! Small debts are paid with lies; great ones with truths.

THE average person expresses his truths by proverbs; the Great have to rely upon silence.

WHO does not honour the common-places of life is not worthy of great experiences.

THE true humorist discovers greatness in little things and smallness in great ones.

TRIFLES often show the impotence of men. It is not without reason that doctors are accused of inability to cure a cold.

By the effect on the unimportant and non-essential things we discover what is important and essential.

Where laughter reigns it is safe to tarry. He who has lost the art of laughter is capable of any depths.

There is no quality so enviable as laughter. Watch people who see someone laughing, without knowing why he laughs. They are uneasy, curious, malicious, and may even lose their temper. There is an unwritten right: the right to share laughter.

It is more difficult to make a man laugh than to make him weep. Which proves how much humanity suffers as a whole.

The fact that so many people love to pass on the latest, or the stalest, jokes is proof of the existence of natures free from envy. How mean the man who keeps a good joke to himself rather than share it with another.

But the retailer of jokes is not without egotism. He identifies himself with the joke. He likes to take the credit of its discovery.

A joke is a form of cruelty disguised under the mask of pleasantry.

He who turns the laugh against himself is seeking to disarm another's cruelty with his own.

THERE are men to whom one would entrust everything except oneself.

TO love means to have found one's God. In this sense all men are eternally in quest of God.

THE ancients were much more honest in their religion than are we. For their deities were animals.

LOVE embraces the whole genesis of mankind: the beast and the God.

JOY of life is the most beautiful form of piety.

HE who believes in miracles is in a desperate state. The greatest miracles are but manifestations of Nature.

SPIRITUALISM is a humourous conception of religion. Mediums perform childish feats because they are representative of the childish beliefs of mankind.

IF only we could reach the stage when we might be able to call up our own spirits! And if they appeared we should realize with a shock that they speak a language which we do not understand.

NO one really knows himself who imagines that he does. The first step to self-knowledge is the acknowledgment of the futility of introspection.

THE greatest art for the cultured is to be no artist.

WOMEN take pride in inspiring the creations of the artist. That is their share of masculinity.

OBEDIENT wives hide their authority under the cloak of submission. There are men who can only be mastered by obedience.

FASHION is woman's revenge on science.

A GOOD house-wife values her house more than her family.

BEWARE of virtue which is conscious of its existence. The greatest tragedies of married life are to be found in the last act of the drama wherein virtue plays the rôle of the intriguer.

"I SHOULD not have dreamed of it"—thus say all who do not know their own dreams. We dream at night of everything that may not, and cannot, come into our minds by day.

"How can you find the time?" This question is often put to me, because I have time for everything, even to waste. My son once excused himself from the performance of a task on the plea that he lacked the half-hour needful for it. "That, you see," said I, "is the secret of my success. I have never lacked that half-hour."

THERE is no such thing as coincidence. Coincidences are the incidences of duty and ambition.

TELL me whom you avoid and I will tell you who you are. One should know how to repulse boring people and attract those who are congenial. He who cannot be inconsiderate to others has no consideration for himself.

ONE is born to frivolity; to be virtuous, one must be dead.

THE true nature of a woman is apparent in the hat she wears, and not in the book she reads.

THE inner nature of a man is betrayed in trifling characteristics. In the great scenes of Life, however absent-minded he may be, he will not forget his prescribed pose. I know a tale wherein a mother sets a cheese before her daughter's suitors. If a suitor should cut the rind too sparingly he is a miser and will keep his wife on short commons; if he should cut it wastefully he is a spendthrift. This mother was a great psychologist. But I fear that the whole tale was conceived by a man who was in doubt as to whether to cut the cheese wastefully or sparingly.

CHILDREN are the cement which binds two stones lastingly together. But does not the cement prevent them from coming into intimate contact with each other? Does

it not form a separating material between the two stones?

We live but once; we die a thousand times.

The temple of memory should be visited but seldom if it is to remain sacred. He who becomes too much at home therein has lost the past and the present, and has neither home nor temple.

Some people are never happy unless they are unhappy.

We never weep for the misfortunes of others—only for our own.

Men who are moved by the tears of their wives, and so allow themselves to be shaken in their resolutions, would have yielded without the tears. They only need a pretext to make their weakness assume the appearance of pity and magnanimity.

Lavish gifts destroy friendship.

It is more difficult to forget happiness than sorrow.

Many regard friendship as giving them a right to exploit their friends.

Solitude is the mother of greatness. He who would transcend must no longer measure himself by the common standard.

A blush is the beacon of passion which illumines the sky of ascetic love.

SHAME is often only an invitation to shamelessness.

HOLIDAYS are Philistine orgies.

NOTHING is more boring than a conversation of which the object is the avoidance of boredom.

WE are all courageous when *others* risk their skins.

HE who reverences the immortal past too much is unworthy of the mortal present.

THE more a man learns the art of thinking, the sooner he forgets the art of feeling.

SOMETIMES the tragedy of a whole life is revealed in but a single word, whereas it takes many words to conceal it.

TO quarrel is to fight for one's personality.

PUNISHMENT is an attempt to rectify one injustice by another.

PEOPLE who make overdrafts on their emotional life become neurotic, that is, they are eventually forced into psychic bankruptcy.

HE who is never guilty of a foolish action must be a fool indeed!

THE most difficult problem: to possess a thing and not destroy its value.

TO be in love means to have discovered one's God. To love means to find one's completion in man; the God who has condescended from the divine to the human.

We understand only those whose faults we can love.

Greatness could satisfy us if it did not awaken in us the desire for something greater still. The Unknown is always the greatest.

Great losses are always more bearable than little ones.

Between the oasis of remembrance and the river of oblivion stretches the desert of insanity. . . .

Suicide is the negative form of Life's affirmative. Pessimists do not commit suicide—only optimists, who realize the futility of their ambitions, take their own lives.

Music is the enemy of thought, emotion is the death of intellect.

Thoughts lose their intimate value when they are clothed with speech. The best thoughts fall unconscious at the gates of consciousness.

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